The Bystander, July 9, 1913.—No. 501. Vol. XXXIX.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph ENGLAND'S PLACE IN THE SUN *Clive Holland*

"The Bystander" notes with pleasure that when the sun comes into his own geographical boundaries tend to disappear. Europe becomes one country under the reign of King Sun with much the same holiday manners and habits everywhere. For instance, this photograph was taken near Brighton, England—yes, England; fancy that!—and not, as might be supposed, at Cabourg or Deauville

A LINE FROM THE EDITOR

NOWHERE-NEXT-THE-SEA, *July* 5, 1913

If this Holiday Number have (note the exquisite grammar!) if it have, I say, about it anything of a holiday atmosphere, it is due to the fact that it has been "edited" on holiday. That is to say, it hasn't been edited at all. Reader, we're away: we're sitting on some shingle. Such clothes as we've been wearing (with a trivial exception) are lying in that little wooden hut we certainly wouldn't leave for you, in which existence can be eked out on the fish of the sea and the fruits of the earth and the beer of the brew-house. In front of us are sand and sea, and behind us is unlimited swamp.

***

Directly the words "Holiday Number" were uttered by our publisher, whose zeal for special issues outruns our discretion, we Murrayed away: we did what is now known in political circles as an Eli-bunk. Connection between us and civilisation is wireless—that is to say, there is no electric telegraph at all. Nevertheless, there is the Penny Post, and what has been done has been to send us the proofs of this issue sufficiently long after they have gone to press to make corrections of purely abstract interest. The page on which this appears is a "late" one, printed on a sheet folded round the rest of the issue like a shroud. It is supposed to contain the "heavy" matter of the paper, anything we have to say that we really mean about things that really matter. I am reminded, however, that in a Holiday Number it is advisable not to mean anything at all, because nothing really matters in a holiday number, not even Mr. Lloyd George.

***

The rest of the number, it is impressed upon me, is topic-free. And the better therefor? I don't know so much about that. I believe the contrary. The matter is really a grave one, leading to a great deal of excited discussion through the post. Had we been on the spot, the various pages of this issue would not only have been equally effective pictorially, but also of immense polemical value to the Party to which we are so desperately devoted. To convince readers of this, we go to the length of asking the printer to set up, exactly as we sent them, the corrections we asked—too late!—to have made on the various pages.

PAGE 61.—"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER." Substitute faces of Lloyd George and Rufus Isaacs and dress figures wholly in white. In foreground insert figure of Lord Robert Cecil (in deep black), labelled "Tory Party." Title, "Looking Back—After the Whitewash."

PAGE 71.—"THEIR FIRST HOLIDAY APART." Man in train to bear features of Lord Murray of Elibank, girl labelled "Liberal Party." Increase sadness of her eyes, but put slight twinkle in his.

PAGE 75.—"IN LUCK'S WAY." Man to bear features of Bonar Law: horseshoe to be labelled "Marconi Scandal."

PAGE 78.—"CROCODILE TEARS." Crocodile to look like Godfrey Isaacs. Sticking out of one of the bags the head of Rufus. Title, "Alas! My Poor Brother," to remain.

PAGE 89.—"AFTER THE WITCHES' SABBATH." Figure more warmly clad: face to be that of Lloyd George. Broom to be labelled "Land Campaign." Background "Marconi Scandal."

***

There were other instructions, which would have had the effect of lending point to many more of these pictures, but perhaps the above will serve. I am sure that readers will, after comparing what actually does appear with what would have appeared had we been on the spot, agree that magnificent opportunities have been missed in our absence.

***

The pity of it is all the greater for another reason still. It was pointed out in a brief note last week that we had reached our Five Hundredth Number. This is the Five Hundred and First. We enter upon the second half of our Thousand—and in this fashion! A mere Holiday Number! Any journalist in Fleet Street will tell you that a paper which has managed, by fair means or foul, to survive any definite period of time and has gone into any round number, whether of years or of issues, should do certain definite things for its special numbers. Bishops should be got to write for it. Chorus girls, Mr. Marconi, Miss Pankhurst, Colonel Roosevelt. Who else? Why, everybody else! And if not obtainable, everybody else than everybody else.

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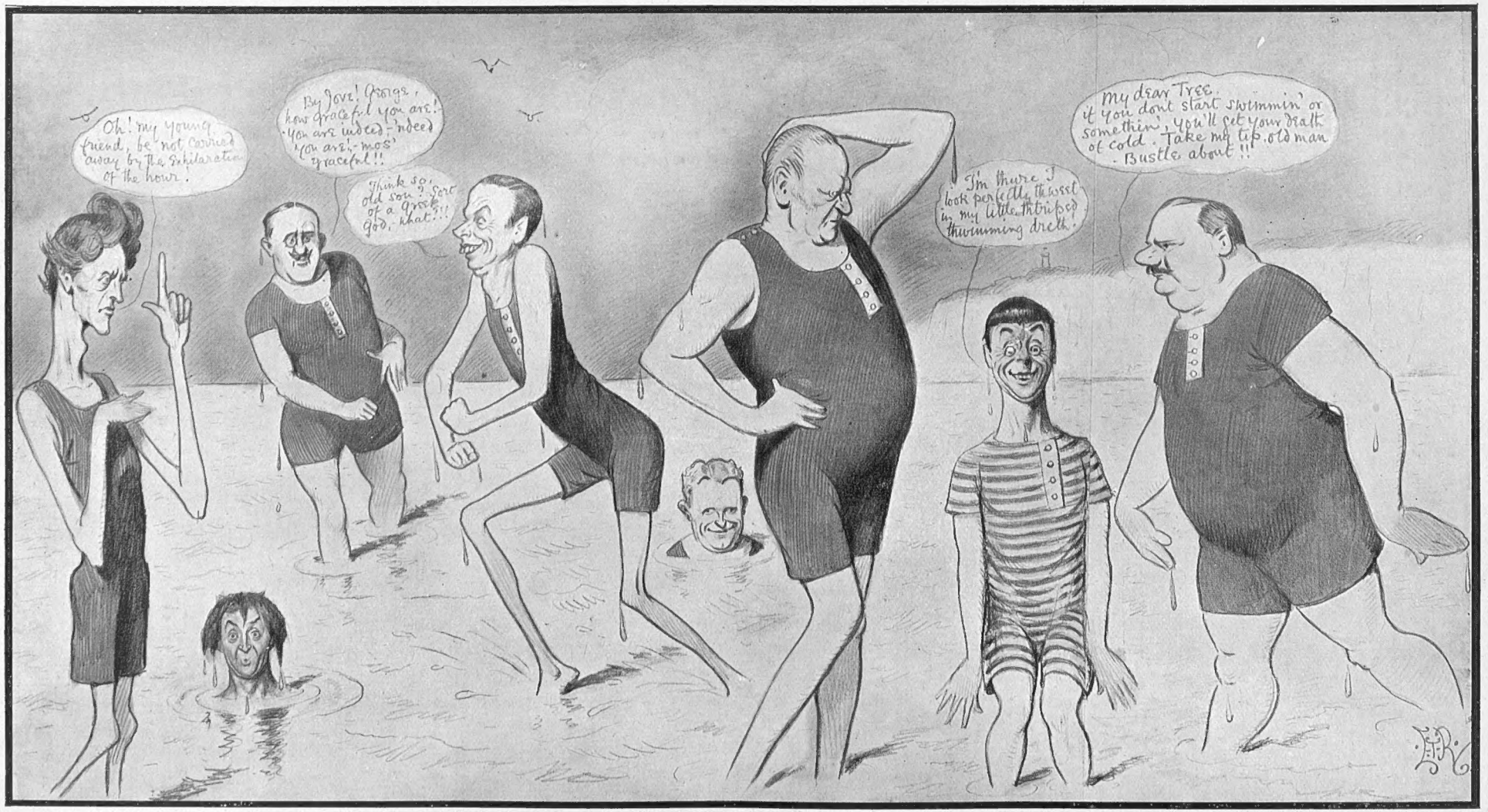
These are days in which no editor of any capacity at all has the slightest excuse for failure to get hold of celebrities. Their name is legion. If first-

"Mixed Bathing": Some Stage Favourites on Holiday



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BY E. T. REED

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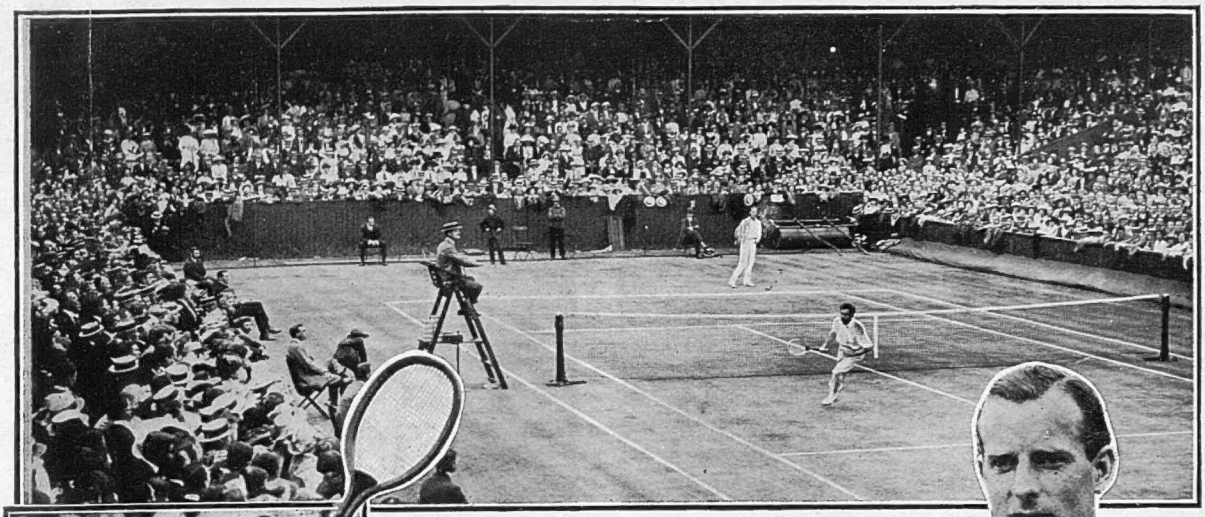
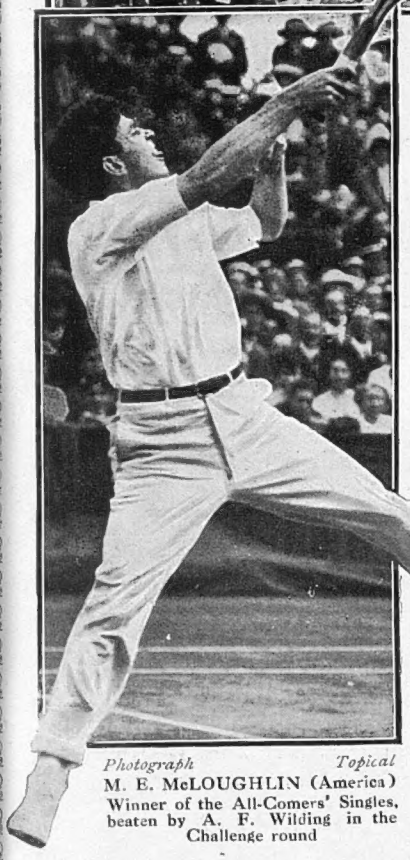
The Wimbledon Battle of Giants



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHALLENGE MATCH AT WIMBLEDON LAST FRIDAY

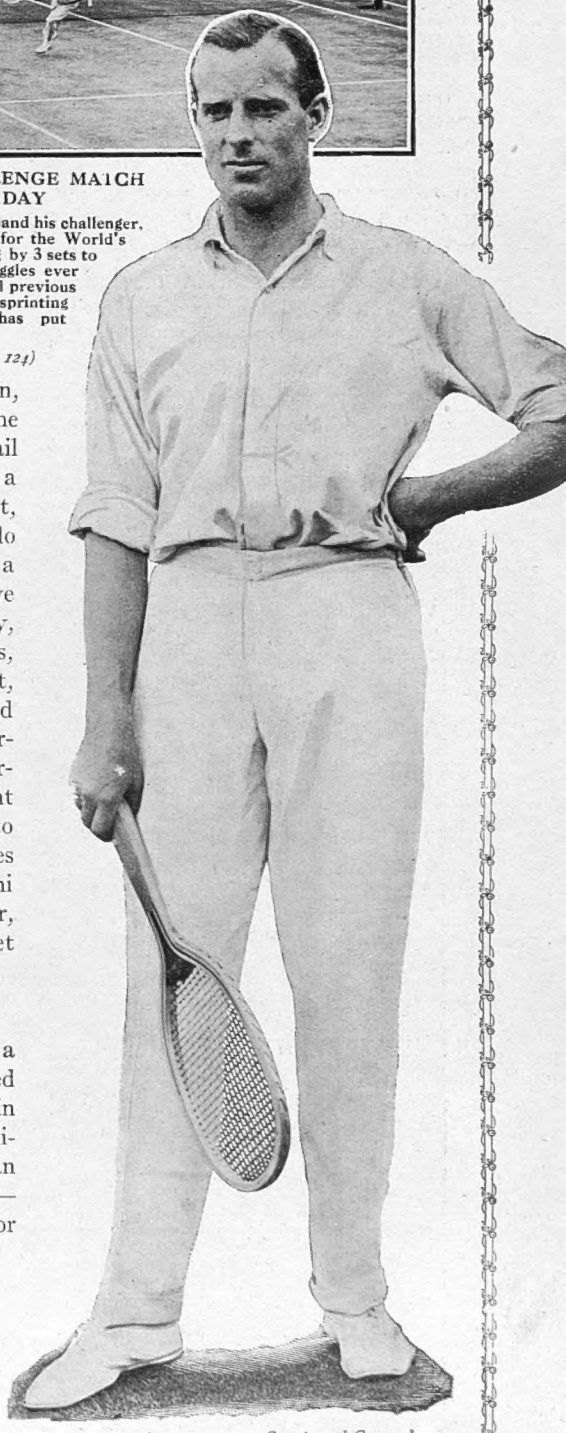
The match between A. F. Wilding (the holder) and his challenger, M. E. McLoughlin, the American Champion, for the World's Championship of lawn tennis, won by Wilding by 3 sets to love, produced one of the most thrilling struggles ever witnessed. The attendance easily eclipsed all previous records. The illustration shows McLoughlin sprinting back to retrieve a "lob" which Wilding has put over his head

(*Comments on the game appear on page 124*)



Photograph *Topical*

M. E. McLOUGHLIN (America)
Winner of the All-Comers' Singles, beaten by A. F. Wilding in the Challenge round



Photographs *Sport and General*

A. F. WILDING (New Zealand)
Winner of the World's Championship for the fourth time in succession

class fail, there's always second; also third, fourth, fifth, and, if you like, hundredth class. You can't walk half a mile in London streets without meeting somebody who's written a book, or footed a stage or platform, or has done, or is about to do, something to boom his modest little personette. We plead guilty to the most scandalous inertia. We have importuned no notabilities at all to boom the Five-Hundred-and-First Number of THE BYSTANDER. Even left to our own devices, we fail. There's nothing in this number about the Progress of the World. Nothing about the Empire. Nothing about the Power of the Press. Nothing, even, about the Peril of the Air or the Two-Power Standard. We fail absolutely to rise, even weakly, to a great opportunity. We feel, in fact, reader, just like you yourself do about everything—that there's a good deal too much of it, that we all want a rest from everybody, even Bishops and Chorus Girls, Mr. Marconi, Miss Pankhurst, and Colonel Roosevelt, and everybody else—particularly from ourselves. We all want wooden huts—to Murray away, to Eli-bunk, to wireless wildernesses where the smallest of oil or Marconi dividends will keep us for ever—or, at any rate, until it begins to get rather dull. THE EDITOR

A Holiday Discovery

It is really remarkable what a strong body of disinterested opinion would appear to exist in favour of people taking their holidays at a time of year other than the universally favoured month—August, with a dash of July or September in it.

* * *

Happiness in Crowds

But surprising as it may seem to those who purvey daily observations of the obvious at a halfpenny a time, the fact that there are twelve months in the year had not entirely escaped notice up to the present.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

School Holidays: Why Not "Pair"?

The real trouble is that human beings will be human beings. One can be miserable alone, but we do insist on being happy in crowds.

***

Terrible!

School holidays, of course, have a good deal to do with fixing the particular time of year, but even if they were altered—and the whole system of things disorganised—I'm perfectly sure everyone would still concentrate on, say, May or June, just the same, and the terrible rush and the overcrowding of trains and lodgings and hotels that we hear so much of would go on just as before. Many people like this kind of thing in their heart of hearts. It makes them feel really "in the swim."

***

The Holiday Atmosphere

Anyway, in this 1913 there is no question that holiday-time is still being celebrated in July and August, and that the holiday atmosphere is just now very much in our midst. London has begun to take on an air of slight boredom with itself, and to those who follow the fashionable crowd the words "Goodwood" and "Cowes" ring alluringly near. The House of Commons, too, sits with one eye on the clock, though August 12 seems the earliest possible date for its formal freedom. There are, however, such things as "pairs."

"Pairs"

What an excellent thing it would be if we could only introduce, especially at this particular moment of the year, this admirable system of "pairing" into ordinary life. And why not? When we get such weather as we have been having for the last month, or (still more) as we had in 1911, why should not the business man pair off with his rival, the buyer with the seller, to take immediate advantage of the rare gifts the gods have given us?

***

The Crystal Palace

So the American millionaire, though invited by THE BYSTANDER several months ago, is not going to get a look in, after all, and our very own Crystal Palace seems fated to stay where it is. Why there should have been all this fuss about a very ugly building extremely expensive to keep up, I still cannot understand. The grounds, of course, are another matter—especially if somebody will lay them out again.

***

Better in France

Why is it that the stage, as a whole, is the most conservative body in England? Nobody but actresses ever seem to bring breach of promise actions nowadays. Indeed, I imagine that they are pretty universally condemned. Perhaps Miss Markham's £50,000 will give the fashion a fillip. But it seems to me that we in England deal extremely harshly with our young men when they arrive at years of indiscretion. Now in France, so I am told, parents and guardians manage these things ever so much better. But that is quite another story.

***

On the River

Henley, I hear, is becoming more and more popular every year. To sit and be lazy in a punt while you watch (if you like) various energetic individuals in a state of more or less complete collapse after an arduous race savours very much of the joys of Heaven as promised by St. Thomas Aquinas to true believers. No wonder, then, that Henley is so crowded—and long may it so continue! For the rest of the river is really quite delightfully empty during those particular three days.

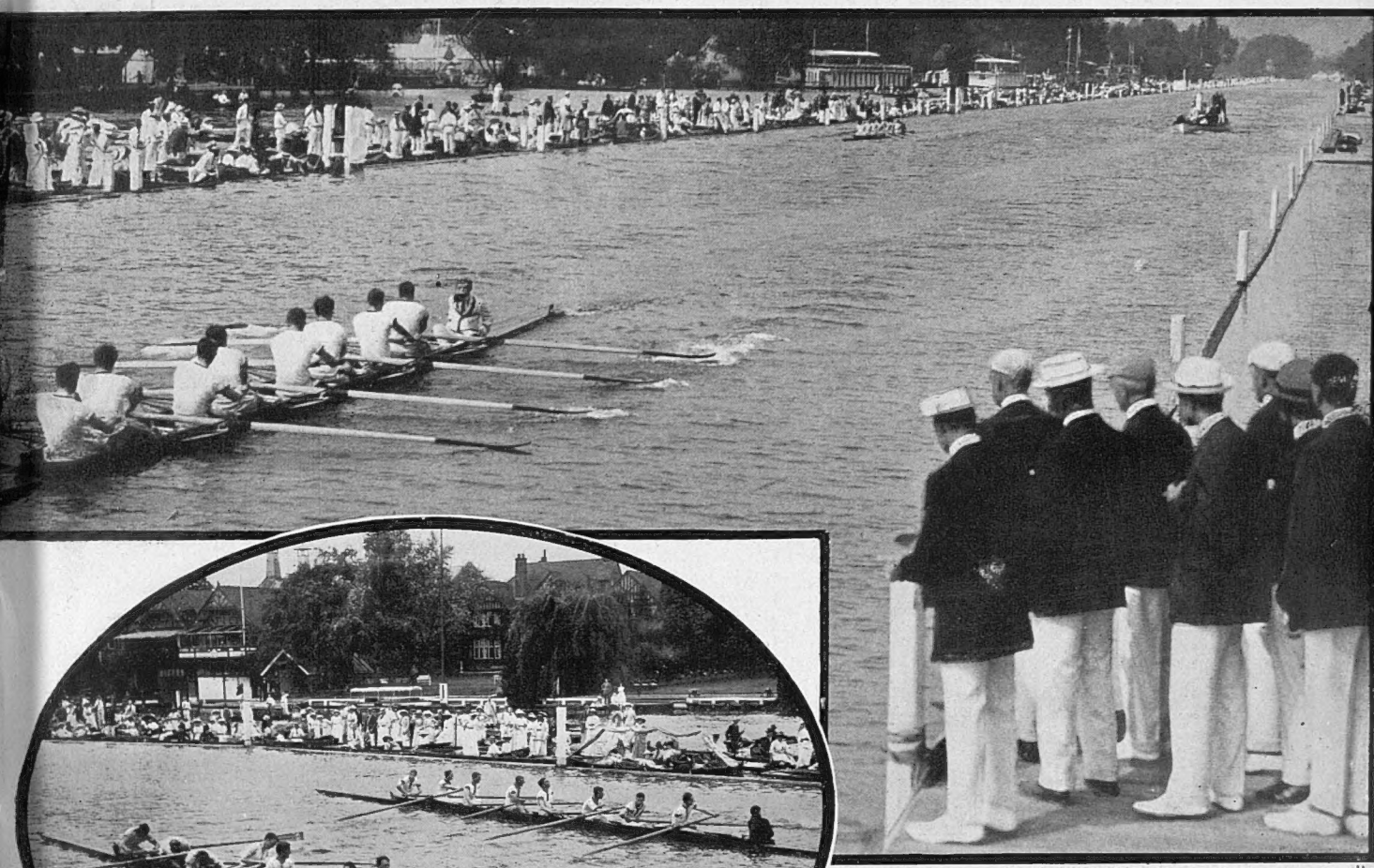
Photograph *Sport and General*

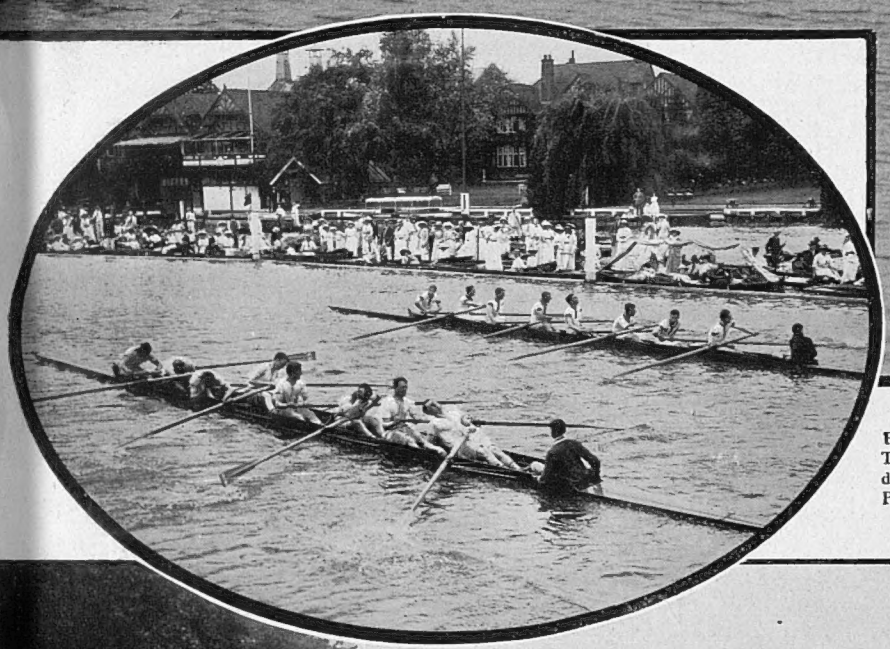
SPEECH DAY AT HARROW

The photograph shows the crowd of parents and friends of the boys, masters, and old Harrovians assembled round the entrance to Speech Room before the commencement of "Speeches" last week

Energy and Inertia at Henley

WITH SEVERAL INTERMEDIATE GRADATIONS





AN EASY WIN

For Trinity Hall over Kingston R.C. in the sixth heat for the Thames Challenge Cup. On the left is a photograph of a very different victory in the same competition, Marlow R.C. beat Pembroke College, Cambridge, in the first heat, "all out," by the length of the forward canvas

It is one thing to be a looker-on, and quite another to be a competitor, at Henley. But competitors and onlookers alike have their varying grades of energy as well. There is, for instance, a great difference between the amount of effort entailed by the easy win shown in the topmost illustration, and by the agonies of a close finish as depicted in the inset picture. Then again the spectators, who potter or drift about on the river in punts, skiffs, dinghies and canoes, are regular gluttons for work as compared with those who loll all day in a hammock-chair on the lawn of Phyllis Court, as shown on the left of the lower illustration

A HOUSING PROBLEM

BY "Saki"

THE SOLUTION OF AN INSOLUBLE DILEMMA

"I'M in a frightful position," exclaimed Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh, sinking into an armchair and closing her eyes as though to shut out some distressing vision.

"Really? What has happened?" said Mrs. Pallitson, preparing herself to hear some kitchen tragedy.

"The more one tries to make one's house-parties a success, the more one seems to court failure," was the tragical reply.

"I'm sure it's been most enjoyable so far," said the guest politely; "weather, of course, one can't count on, but otherwise I can't see that anything has gone wrong. I was thinking you were to be congratulated."

Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh laughed harshly and bitterly.

"It was so nice having the Marchioness here," she said; "she's dull and she dresses badly, but people in these parts think no end of her, and, of course, it's rather a social score to get hold of her. It counts for a good deal to be in her good graces. And now she talks of leaving us at a moment's notice."

"Really? That is unfortunate, but I'm sure she'll be sorry to leave such a charming——"

"She's not leaving in sorrow," said the hostess; "no—in anger."

"Anger?"

"Bobbie Chermbacon called her, to her face, a moth-eaten old hen. That's not the sort of thing one says to a Marchioness, and I told him so afterwards. He said she was only a Marchioness by marriage, which is absurd, because, of course, no one is born a Marchioness. Anyway, he didn't apologise, and she says she won't stay under the same roof with him."

"Under the circumstances," said Mrs. Pallitson, promptly, "I think you might help Mr. Chermbacon to choose a nice early train back to Town. There's one that goes before lunch, and I expect his valet could get the packing act done in something under twenty minutes."

Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh rose in silence, went to the door, and carefully closed it. Then she spoke slowly and impressively, with the air of a Minister who is asking an economically-minded Parliament for an increased Navy Vote.

"Bobbie Chermbacon is rich, quite rich, and one day he will be very much richer. His aunt can buy motor-cars as we might buy theatre-tickets, and he will be her chief heir. I am getting on in years, though I may not look it."

"You don't," Mrs. Pallitson assured her.

"Thank you; still, the fact remains. I'm getting on in years, and though I've a reasonable number of children of my own I've reached that time of life when a woman begins to feel a great longing for a son-in-law. Bobbie told Margaret last night that she had the eyes of a dreaming Madonna."

"Extravagance in language seems to be his besetting characteristic," said Mrs. Pallitson; "of course," she continued hastily, "I don't mean to say that dear Margaret hasn't the eyes of a dreaming Madonna. I think the simile excellent."

"There are many different types of Madonna," said Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh.

"Exactly, but it's rather outspoken language for such short acquaintance. As I say, he seems to be a rather outspoken young man."

"Ah, but he said more than that; he said she reminded him of Gaby What's-her-name, you know, the fascinating actress that the King of Spain admires so much."

"Portugal," murmured Mrs. Pallitson.

"And he didn't confine himself to saying pretty things," continued the mother eagerly; "actions speak stronger than words. He gave her some exquisite orchids to wear at dinner last night. They were from *our* orchid-house, but, still, he went to the trouble of picking them."

"That shows a certain amount of devotion," agreed Mrs. Pallitson.

"And he said he adored chestnut hair," continued Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh; "Margaret's hair is a very beautiful shade of chestnut."

"He's known her for a very short time," said Mrs. Pallitson.

"It's *always* been chestnut," exclaimed Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh.

"Oh, I didn't mean that; I meant that the conquest was sudden, not the colour of the hair. These sudden infatuations are often the most genuine, I believe. A man sees someone for the first time, and knows at once that it is the one person he's been looking for."

"Well, you see the frightful position I'm in. Either the Marchioness leaves in a fury, or I've got to turn Bobbie adrift just as he and Margaret are getting on so very well. It will nip the whole thing in the bud. I didn't sleep a wink last night. I ate nothing for breakfast. If I'm found floating in the carp-pond, you, at least, will know the reason why."

"It's certainly a dreadful situation," said Mrs. Pallitson; "how would it be," she added slowly and reflectively, "if I were to ask Margaret and Bobbie over to our place for the remainder of the Marchioness's stay? My husband has got a men's party, but we could easily expand it. Out of all your guests you could subtract three without unduly diminishing your number. We could pretend that it was an old arrangement."

"Do you mind if I kiss you?" asked Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh; "after this we must call each other by our Christian names. Mine is Elizabeth."

"There I must object," said Mrs. Pallitson, who had submitted to the kiss; "there is dignity and charm

(*Continued on page 62*)

One Good Turn Deserves Another

We're looking back to see if they
Are looking back to see if we
Are looking back to see if they
Are looking back at us

BY NORMAN MORROW

(Continued from page 60)

in the name Elizabeth, but my godparents christened me Celeste. When a woman weighs as much as I do——"

"I am sure you don't," exclaimed her hostess, in defiant disregard of logic.

"And inherits a very uncertain temper," resumed Mrs. Pallitson, "there is a distinct flavour of incongruity in answering to the name Celeste."

"You are doing a heavenly thing, and I think the name most appropriate; I shall always call you by it."

"I'm afraid we haven't an orchid-house," said Mrs. Pallitson, "but there are some rather choice tuberoses in the hothouse."

"Margaret's favourite flower!" exclaimed Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh.

Mrs. Pallitson repressed a sigh. She was fond of tuberoses herself.

The day after the transplanting of Bobbie and Margaret, Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh was called to the telephone.

"Is that you, Elizabeth?" came the voice of Mrs. Pallitson; "you must have Bobbie back. Don't say it's impossible, you must. The Bishop of Sokotra, my husband's uncle, is staying here. Sokotra, never mind how it's spelt. Bobbie told him last night at dinner what he thought of Christian missions; I've often said the same thing myself, but never to a Bishop. Nor have I expressed it in quite such offensive language. The Bishop refuses to stay another day under the same roof as Bobbie. He, the Bishop, is not merely an uncle, but a bachelor uncle, with private means. It's all very well to say he should show a tolerant and charitable spirit; charity begins at home, and this is a Colonial Bishop. Sokotra, I keep telling you; it doesn't matter where it is, the point is that the Bishop is here, and we can't allow him to leave us in a temper."

"How about the Marchioness?" shrilled Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh at her end of the 'phone, having first carefully glanced round to see that nobody was within hearing distance of her remarks. "She's just as important to me as the Bishop of Scooter, or wherever it is, is to you. I don't know why he should take such absurd unreasonable offence because Christian missions were unfavourably criticised; anyone might express an opinion on a subject of that sort, even to a Colonial Bishop. It's a very different thing being called to your face a moth-eaten old hen. I hear that she is going to give a hunt ball at Cloudly this winter, and it's quite probable that she'll ask me over there for it. And now you want me to ruin everything and have a most unpleasant contretemps by taking that boy back under my roof. You can't expect it of me. Besides, we can't keep shifting Mr. Chermbacon backwards and forwards as though he was the regulator of an erratic clock. What do you say?"

"The Bishop won't stay another night unless Bobbie goes to-day," came over the 'phone in hard relentless tones. "I've told Bobbie he must leave the first thing after lunch, and I've ordered the motor to be ready for him. Margaret can follow to-morrow."

Then there followed a pitiless silence at the Pallitson end of the telephone. Vainly Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh rang up again and again, and put the fruitless and despairing question "Are you there?" to the cold emptiness of unresponsive space. The Pallitsons had cut themselves off.

"The telephone is the coward's weapon," muttered Mrs. Duff-Chubleigh furiously; "those heavy blonde women are always a mass of selfishness."

Then she sat down to write a telegram, as a last appeal to Celeste's better feelings.

"Am having carp taken out of fish-pond. I can face drowning, but will not be nibbled.—Elizabeth."

As a matter of fact Bobbie Chermbacon and the Marchioness travelled up to Town by the same train. He had grasped the fact that his presence was not in request at either of the house-parties, and she was hurriedly summoned to London, where her husband had entered on the illness which, in a few days, made her a widow and a dowager. Bobbie's enthusiasm for chestnut hair and dreamy Madonna eyes did not lead him to repeat his visit to the Duff-Chubleigh household. He spent the winter in Egypt, and some ten months later he married the widowed Marchioness.

"Saki"

How Shall I Spend My Holidays?

[In order to help our readers to solve the above perennial puzzle we took the trouble to ask a number of prominent people their views on the subject. Below will be found a selection from the answers received.]

His Hobby

Mr. Handel Booth: "I noticed the other day that the back premises of my house were looking rather shabby. During the coming holidays I shall probably do a little more whitewashing."

* * *

"J'y Suis, J'y Reste!"

Lord Murray of Elibank (*by wireless*): "Propose to stay where I am. Bogota *is* so bracing."

* * *

What! Not an Investment?

Mr. Lloyd George: "My holidays are still a matter for pleasant speculation. I always look forward to a gambol among my beloved Welsh hills."

* * *

A Hopeless Quest!

Sir Rufus Isaacs: "Waiting for a 'tip' from Godfrey. He is trying to find me a place where Marconis have never been heard of, but I don't like the *Outlook*."

* * *

The Ruling Passion

Mr. Falconer: "I object entirely to your question as being absolutely irrelevant and outside the terms of reference of this inquiry."

* * *

Help!

Mr. G. K. Chesterton: "We talk of holidays as if they were a respite from work. As a matter of fact, holidays mean for most of us a vast increase of work. Holidays, I take it, should be a series of glorious days spent as one pleases. As a rule they are a series of inglorious days wasted to please others. If there is one thing in this world about which I am tolerably certain, and I don't for a moment suggest that I am, it is——" (etc., etc., etc., and a lot more besides.—Ed.)

W. Hodgson Burnet

FOREIGNERS ON HOLIDAY

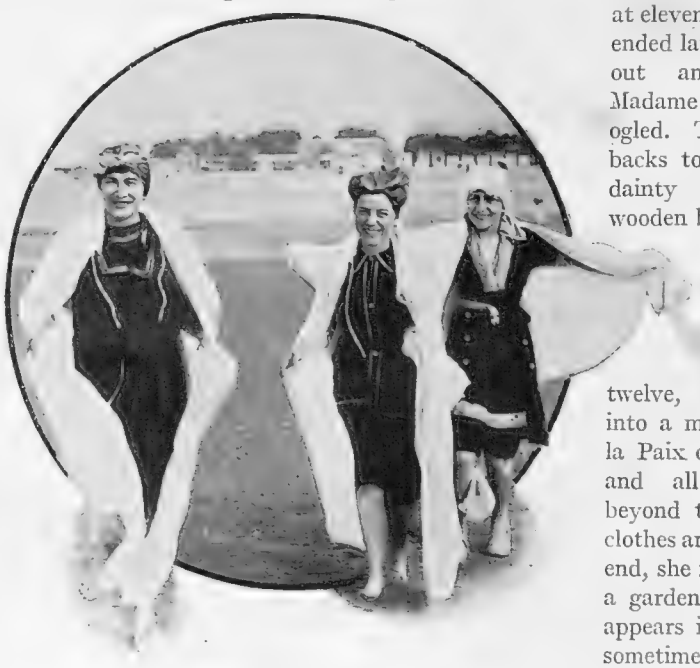
FACTS FROM THE SPOT CONCERNING FRENCHMEN, GERMANS, AMERICANS, AND RUSSIANS

By Our Own Correspondents

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN FRANCE

Holiday-Time in Paris

It is quite a business, for if there is one thing a Frenchman enjoys more than another it is detail and talk about detail. As holiday-time comes along the hoardings in the Paris streets are bright with promises. You see a poster in great letters advertising "Troupacher-les-Bains." It is, the posters say, "a first-rate thermal station. It has all the attractions of the best watering-places, an 'air cure,' an aviation ground, golf links, an open air theatre, and the world's greatest artists appear there during the summer. There is magnificent fishing, and the hotels are moderate." Below these promises is a picture of the sea and sands, which put Biarritz and Trouville in the shade. So Monsieur, Madame, the little Anatole, and Julie, his nurse, set out for Troupacher. They will be disappointed when they get there, for the artists are on the gramophone, the "air cure," golf, aviation ground, and open air theatre are one and the same small field, and the sands are covered with shingle, which the local Ananias assures Monsieur was landed there only last week. However, these things do not prevent Monsieur, Madame, Julie and the little Anatole from enjoying their holiday.



AN EVERYDAY SIGHT

On the sands at Trouville and Deauville, where the sea-bathing is delightful

Lazy and Sockless

The Frenchman is a simple-minded soul in the summer, and all that he asks from Troupacher-les-Bains is permission to live a lazy and sockless life in floppy alpaca and a big-brimmed hat, and this permission Troupacher grants right willingly. At the other extreme of the Frenchman's idea of a seaside holiday is the fashionable watering-place Here the quest of ozone is conducted under difficulties. Madame has many trunks with her. Monsieur's *portmanteaux* contain a large variety of clothes with lovely cotton gloves and socks and ties to match, and his hats are as the days of the week for number, and extremely coquettish in shape and in colour. In the morning, which begins at eleven because the night ended late, Monsieur strolls out and ogles, while Madame strolls out and is ogled. They sit with their backs to the sea and their dainty white shoes on wooden boards, so that the nasty sand shan't dirty them. At the hour of the bath, which is twelve, Madame changes into a magnificent Rue de la Paix costume, with hat and all complete, and beyond the fact that her clothes are *décolleté* at each end, she might be going to a garden-party. Monsieur appears in stripes, and he sometimes affronts the sea chest deep. But, then, Monsieur is a great swimmer, and has an idea of competing in the regatta. When the time comes business will, perhaps, take him to Paris, but these accidents will happen.

Post-Prandial Amusements

After luncheon Monsieur and Madame pay visits, for all their friends have villas or are in magnificent hotels. There is gossip till five and the casino till dinner-time. Monsieur and Madame are in full evening dress then (for Monsieur is distinctly plump and Madame's dress is so full of Madame that

FOREIGNERS ON HOLIDAY (continued)

there is a good deal of her outside it). They chase the elusive ozone and woo the still more elusive Queen of Spades till two or three a.m. in the Casino. *Et voilà !*

At Paris-sur-Mer

This kind of holiday is such hard work and so expensive that Nini Flopette and her kind have a knack of avoiding it. Nini, with whom funds are low this year, likes to show a sun-burned complexion when *ces messieurs*, her friends, return to Paris from their holiday, but she has not been able to afford the seaside. In Montmartre screens are cheap and painters are many. A little local colour on the screen, a little more local colour from her make-up box on Nini's pretty little face, something fetching in the way of bathing-costumes and a bath tub, and Nini, when *ces messieurs* return, will tell them, with a shout of glee, that she has spent her holidays at Paris-sur-Mer.

Aping Deauville at Belle Plage

Between the two extremes of Troupacher and Deauville is Belle Plage. Belle Plage is not its name. There *bourgeois* Paris, Monsieur L'Épicier and his good wife, and other worthy little folk hover between a longing to ape Deauville and a craving for the sockless life of Troupacher. They usually manage to get the worst of each, losing sometimes as much as four pounds in one evening in the heavy gambling at the wooden casino, sitting up as late as twelve o'clock to do so, and wearing gloves of cotton on the sands instead of having a good time there. However, even Belle Plage has its charms, and when the holidays are over Monsieur l'Épicier, in common with Monsieur le Vicomte, who has been to Deauville, and Aristide Bonzigue, who went to Troupacher, will have their naughty little stories of their doings by the sea to tell with many winks *aux camarades*.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN GERMANY

Necessary Distinctions

Britons in mapping out their holidays in Germany should carefully distinguish between the minority of pleasant places, the minority of obnoxious places, and the very large majority of neutral, uninteresting places. Obnoxious are all German seaside resorts. The North Sea resorts are windy, treeless deserts, where you are taken for a spy; and the Baltic resorts—including the scenically-attractive Isle of Rügen—are suicidal. When they have natural beauty, they remind you of Bishop Heber's

> Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.

Attractive and Unattractive

More often the prospect displeases—the sea is not salt—and man is viler still. Anyone who wants to see the worst Germans eating with the worst manners the worst food on earth, might go to Baltic Heringsdorf or Swinemünde. Innocuously uninteresting is nearly the whole North-German plain (there are pleasant bits in Mecklenburg). Attractive are the Upper and Middle Rhine, the Black Forest, Saxon Switzerland to the south of Dresden, Thueringia, and the Bavarian Highlands. The Harz Mountains are dull, dreary, and (in summer) dear. Generally, Germany is a cheaper country to travel in than England, France, or the Netherlands: you spend less money, and you get less value.

Picturesque Thueringia

The Briton who wants to see a pretty country and picturesque villages, such as he has at home, had best choose Thueringia. Thueringia can be walked all over in a holiday; and you have the advantage of visiting half-a-dozen sovereign independent States, the smallest of which is larger (don't believe lies to the contrary) than Battersea Park. A friend of mine traversed three of them on foot before lunch.

Berlin's Housing System

Usually the British tourist avoids Berlin, and therein he does ill. Berlin is a stone, soulless town, but has interest for men who like collections of pictures and collections of fellow-men. Britons in Berlin should not stick, as they do, to the Linden and Friedrichstrasse; they should explore Charlottenburg, Wilmersdorf, and other outlying parts, and see Berlin's weird housing system. They should haunt the Tiergarten, which is Europe's finest park, and just now is made songful by nightingales.

Pork-Eaters of Mecklenburg

Britons in Berlin with a day free should go to the Spree Forest, three hours off, where they will find wonderful flooded alder forests, networks of three hundred streams, and mediævally costumed ladies who ride bicycles in bare feet and speak the outlandish Wendish tongue. That is the only scenery near Berlin. If the Briton must see the North German countryside, he had best go to the Mecklenburgs, which begin two hours from Berlin—there he will find forests, and innumerable lakes, and innumerable people who have never seen any meat in their lives save pork.

Polite Germans

Germans are not rude. They lack the Briton's finished manners; the railway men will cadge, but not cringe for tips; and shopmen have not the courtly, insinuating ways of Bond Street. That cheapens your holiday—you are spared compulsion to buy A Present from Rostock. In intercourse with strangers the police are polite, if insistent—quite as polite as the British, and even more scholarly. At many Berlin street corners stands a "Schutzmann," who speaks English.

Up the Rhine

One who has never been in Germany and can see only part had best go up the Rhine. That is interesting, cheap, and not fatiguing. One who has been up the Rhine might choose Thueringia; and one who has seen both might go to the Bavarian Highlands. North Germany—Westphalia (except for business men) and Hanover—has small interest, and the East, from Berlin to the Russian frontier, has no interest at all.

(Continued on page 66)

Austria en Famille

TAKES A HOLIDAY BATHE AT ABBAZIA

Situated at the head of the Quarnero Gulf of the Adriatic, five miles north-west of Fiume, Abbazia is famous for its fine climate, beautiful situation, and luxuriant vegetation. It is the favourite bathing-place of the Austrians, among whom, if we are to judge from this picture, our own hatless brigade would be likely to find few recruits

FOREIGNERS ON HOLIDAY (continued)

AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

"Taking a Vacation"

People don't "make holiday" in America; they "take a vacation" instead. That subtle distinction apart, however, their methods of enjoying themselves differ only in degree from those employed elsewhere. I say "in degree" because the bigness of America affects its vacations just as it affects everything else. Instead of driving for a day through the New Forest, people drive for a week or two through the Yellowstone Park, the great national preserve of which every American citizen is justly proud. The bigness of the country again makes this subject a difficult one to treat; to write of holiday-making in America is rather a larger problem than to write of holiday-making in Europe. Different sections of the country have their own favourite resorts, and there are few people who know the country North and South, East and West, in the same way that an Englishman thinks nothing of jumping in a twelvemonth from a holiday at Bournemouth to a holiday in the North of Scotland.

Europe as a Holiday Resort

Indeed, it may be said that the only holiday resort which is common to all sections of the country alike is Europe, and the American of moderate means who has not once in his life at least made a trip to the other side is rapidly becoming the exception rather than the rule. The Easterner, particularly, can go to Europe in more comfort and at considerably less expense that he can cross his own continent to the Western coast, and while the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Yosemite Valley, and Colorado Springs are household names to him, he is probably far more familiar with the Alps and the Austrian Tyrol.

The Ubiquitous American

In London and Paris at this time of year I have often wondered vaguely whether there were any Londoners in London, any Parisians in Paris, and any Americans in the United States, for the two cities mentioned, indeed the whole of the European continent for that matter, have seemed to be given up to a vast army of inquiring Americans. The amazing thing, however, is that the number of those who elect to take their holiday at home seems to be in no way diminished by this flood of emigration. There are hundreds of resorts, one as beautiful as another, along the New England coast, which year by year are filled to overflowing. The same may be said of New Jersey, and the "board walk," or promenade, of Atlantic City gives the impression that the crowd of Fifth Avenue has removed itself *en masse* from that thoroughfare to the sea. Yet you go back to Fifth Avenue and the congestion is as bad as ever, and in the throng you may notice the bristling white moustaches that proclaim the Kentucky Colonel and overhear the soft pleasant drawl that marks the Southern speech.

The Lakes

What the coast of Maine, the Hudson, or the Catskills are to New York, Wisconsin is to Chicago and the Middle West. There are not a few Westerners who have never seen the sea, but in compensation for that they are well supplied with lakes of every size and shape and of great beauty, and around the lakes of Wisconsin, and, to a less extent, of Minnesota, have grown up holiday resorts that not only minister to the needs of the middle-western States, but even attract a considerable *clientèle* from the South.

Amphibious Americans

In the better-known of these resorts, no matter in what part of the country they are situated, a golf course is a *sine quâ non*, and tennis is hardly less popular; but the universal, the absorbing passion is for the water. In Europe we bathe, but in America we live in the water. On a vacation by the sea or on a lake one becomes amphibious; you put on a bathing-suit in the morning and as likely as not you wear it for the rest of the day, and the final dip is often taken by moonlight. This passion is without distinction of class or sex; it is as much the rage at fashionable Newport, where the "Four Hundred," slightly swollen in size, still contrives to be very exclusive and haughty, as it is at crowded, jostling, jolly Coney Island, where every Saturday and Sunday the denizens of the Eastside swarm like flies on the beach.

UNDER POLICE SUPERVISION

At Atlantic City, where our photograph was taken, the police take the question of bathing costumes very seriously. Last year, for instance, they decided to prosecute anybody bathing without stockings. Result: we had the greatest difficulty in knowing which of these ladies was going to bathe and which wasn't. Compare Germany, and be thankful, if you want to bathe, that you do not live in the "land of the free"

Badenfreude

The Joy of Bathing in Germany

HEALTHY GERMANY

The Germans probably use the bathing-dress more than any other European people. For they bathe not only in water but in sun and air. We hope our readers will notice how jolly they all look, how everybody bathes together, and how sensible the costumes are. If English seaside resorts would only take a leaf out of the German book we should hear less about their lack of popularity. The photographs reproduced above were taken at the bathing-place on the Wannsee, near Berlin

HOLIDAY-MAKING IN RUSSIA

The Gay Continent

Russia is the country with the greatest natural capacity for holiday-making in the world. Not counting Sundays, the banks and post office have thirty-nine holidays, while the Government offices have still more.

THE SIMPLE LIFE À LA RUSSE
A picnic in the country. N.B.—The tender game of "footy" between the mistress and the stout merchant

A Four Month's Vacation

Russia does not confine its holiday-period to August and September, but solves the difficulty of choosing a summer month by taking them all. From June to September all the schools and colleges are closed, and the Russian parent, if he does not go abroad, sets out with his family for a country estate, a Crimean watering-place, a trip down the Volga, or, best of all, a tour in the Caucasus. For the sportsman or the traveller in search of novelty Russia is a land of infinite variety and attraction. Petersburg and Moscow, with their bizarre architecture, their excellent theatres, their wonderful art-collections, and their gay night-restaurants, are sufficiently different from other towns to please even the most fastidious taste.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE
A pastorale near the Sparrow Hills, Moscow

Moscow Attractions

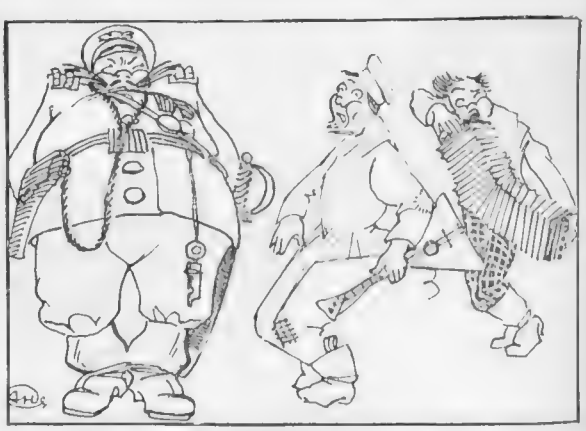
Moscow itself is, perhaps, at its best in the middle of winter, when the season is at its height, and the young Muscovite spends his nights in an endless round of festivities. The ballet claims the latter's serious attention, and after the ballet there are long *troika* drives out to the music-hall restaurants in the Petrovsky Park. Here there are restaurants which do not open until six in the morning, so that the "perfect reveller" need never go to bed. For those, however, who wish to see something of Russia, the best time for a visit is in May or September. July and August are generally too hot. From Moscow a very pleasant tour can be arranged on the Volga. The boats are clean and comfortable, and the trip gives a good insight into life in the provinces. Many famous towns and country estates are passed, and the Volga itself is a source of endless attraction. Strangely enough, the great river, which even 2,000 miles from its mouth is nearly three-quarters of a mile broad, dries up in summer, and after July the trip is hardly worth making. From Astrakhan, at the mouth of the Volga, one can tranship to Baku, and thence by rail to Tiflis—the gateway of the Caucasus. Here Nature is at her best, and the drive along the Georgian Road from Tiflis to Vladikavkas is one long thrill of unspeakable delight. The overwhelming magnificence of the mountains and the unsurpassable glory of the sunsets make the Caucasus without compeer or rival.

The Crimea

No article on holiday-making in Russia would be complete without some mention of the Crimea—the Riviera of Russia. The Black Sea makes a good substitute for the Mediterranean, while Yalta, the chief watering-place, possesses a fine kursaal, excellent theatres, and numerous parks and gardens. It is also famous for its sea-baths and its grape-cure, and is largely visited by the jaded aristocracy in search of rest after the strain of a Petersburg winter.

Disadvantages and Advantages

It is impossible to describe here in full the many attractions of Russia. In due justice one should not omit the dark side of travelling in the country of the Tsar. Life is expensive, and not always comfortable. Cleanliness is not a Russian virtue, and the scrupulous traveller would do well to be prepared for "exotic stragglers." In the Caucasus a pair of sheets will be found useful. Then there is the passport nuisance and the difficulty of language both not very troublesome provided the traveller is willing to put up with small inconveniences. The greatest drawback from the tourist's point of view is the absence of any information bureau and the paucity of good trains. To set against these disadvantages there is the stupendous hospitality of the Russian people.

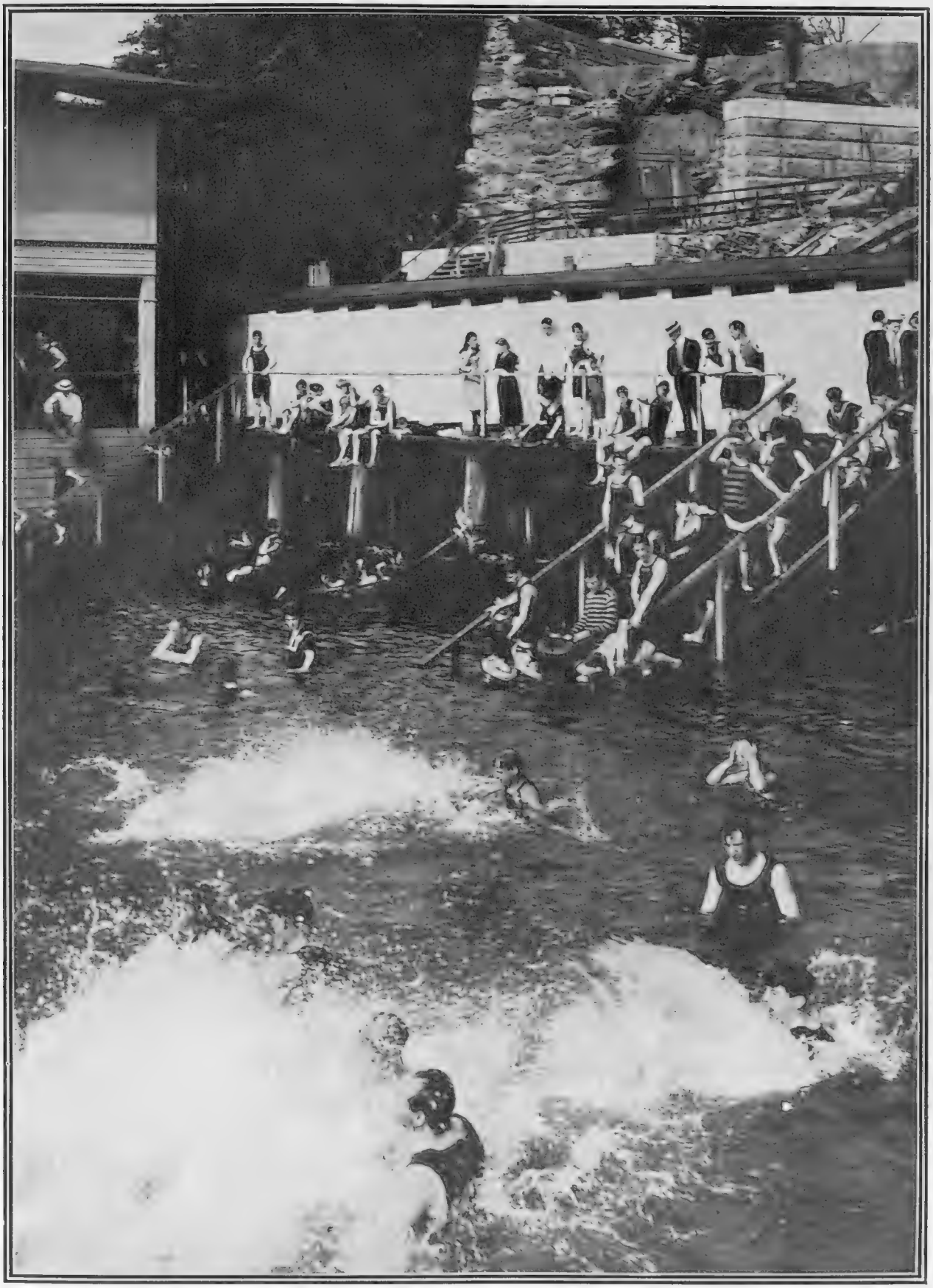


THE AWE-INSPIRING LAW
Produces a disconcerting effect on two belated Russian revellers

SKETCHES BY ANDRÉ

"Margate," U.S.A.

WHERE NEW YORK MAKES ITS SUMMER SPLASH



When the heat wave comes New York transfers itself to Long Island; Long Island transforms itself into Margate—miles and miles and miles of Margate. Whoever you are, the whole four million of you rush into the water with one united splash which sends a tidal wave into the Bay of Biscay. If you are a man you wear, in addition to an ordinary swimming suit as here understood, a chaste little kilt which makes you look like a Highland merman celebrating Bannockburn; if you are a woman you wear three times the amount of underclothing you would upon land and two bathing-caps. Enjoy yourselves? Well—some!

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

WHAT wonderful and varied scenes the word "Holiday" calls up! Quito, Southend, Holloway Gaol, the Silver Sea, Dartmoor, Ostend, Paris—each and any of these is open to the modern holiday-maker. Then there is Hampstead Heath—sometimes called the Northern Heights—and Kew Gardens, and Constantinople.

THE SAME OLD STORY.
1st TWIN: } "I'm here in two"
2nd TWIN: }
1st TWIN: "Like as we lie"

By G. L. Stampa

The choice should depend on the taste of the traveller. If you just want to get away from cables, Quito is the place. If you like a crowded day in an excursion train, try going to Dartmoor and back. (Lots of people have survived this journey.)

* * *

A passion for shrimps, and more particularly, perhaps, for the smell of shrimps, will turn your thoughts to Southend; whereas if you only want to hunger-strike, Holloway is your destination. The motor service is excellent. Wardresses attentive. Fine orchestra and other entertainments. Self-contained suites. Inclusive terms. Comfort and economy.

* * *

Ostend offers opportunities to the gambler of losing his money almost as quickly as any place we know of, and it has the advantage that no Marconi Inquiry will follow. One hates to think of keeping Mr. Handel Booth in a stuffy committee-room, when he might be racing pigeons, and the considerate "flutterer" will go to Ostend.

* * *

If health is your sole object, go to Paris. "Everybody"—says the *Daily Telegraph*—"keeps fit in Paris by drinking Perrier water."

* * *

Clothes are one of the most important considerations for the holiday-maker. Ladies who are travelling to the South Sea Islands should make a point of attending some of the "piece" sales now on. Two or three pieces should suffice.

* * *

On the other hand, the River and Seaside Girl (if her rivers and seas are of the British Isles) should bear in mind the following sage words of a contemporary: "Where the River and Seaside Girl had one or two silk blouses a year ago, she now has a dozen." It makes one quite hot to think of her in them all. But perhaps she only wears three at a time?

* * *

The bather's vanity bag should not be forgotten by the smart woman. Made to match the ever-changing colours of the sea, and fastened preferably with a diamond clasp (so simple to open, even under water!), this should contain (1) a stout pair of water-wings, lip-salve, a little pot of "poudre de Margate," several "reserve curls," to take the place of those borne off by the billows, and a Bath bun.

A RUTHLESS RHYME
The river swollen with the rain,
Swamped the boat and down went Jane,
"Funny thing," said father "I,"
Swear the glass said "very dry"

By D. A. Y.

Their First Holiday Apart

A SENTIMENTALITY: BY J. SUTCLIFFE

The late Rev. Mr. Blushington Shybody finds himself, by a terrible mistake, in the Mohammedan Paradise

"Bystandlets": Startling New Competition

WE have decided, after mature consideration, that we must follow the prevailing fashion and start a really brainy competition. Our circulation is increasing so rapidly that something must be done to keep it within reasonable bounds, and this is the only way.

This week we offer for "BYSTANDLETS":

£1,000—£1,000 FIRST PRIZE £1,000—£1,000

SECOND PRIZE: 40 SHILLINGS (or a month)

THOUSANDS OF CONSOLATION PRIZES!

HUNDREDS OF OTHER PRIZES!!

What You Have to Do

To construct a "BYSTANDLET" first choose any of the examples given (and then go and buy a lot of postal orders). Take the first letter of the example chosen, and think of another, which must not be the same as the last letter, but one of the example. Now give two or three words ending or beginning with any other letter of the example, and containing the letters originally chosen. The merit of the "BYSTANDLET" consists entirely in its utter irrelevancy to the word from which it is constructed.

Twelve examples from which you may construct "BYSTANDLETS":

OUR	SEEM	GONE
PENNY	TO	QUITE
CONTEMPORARIES	HAVE	MAD

ON SILLY COMPETITIONS

These specimens will, perhaps, help (to muddle).

Example—COMPETITIONS.

Bystandlet—Angels Guard uS.

Example—PENNY.

Bystandlet—EverYbody's Doing It.

Example—SILLY.

Bystandlet—NutS in MaY.

NOTE!—Every coupon is looked at three times, and once more for luck. Don't forget the postal orders. *They* are looked at even oftener.

Rules

1. The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who, in the opinion of the Editor and his adjudicators, administrators and assigns, has won the first prize. The same simple rule governs the other prizes.

2. "BYSTANDLETS" must be written on one of the coupons provided. Competitors must on no account telephone their irrelevancies to this office. This is not the only work we have to do.

3. Each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for *6d.* for each letter used in the "BYSTANDLET" submitted.

4. The Editor's decision is proverbial. It must be accepted as final, unalterable, incontrovertible, and legally binding, and if he says you haven't won a prize you haven't, and that's all.

Coupon to be used

No. of P.O.'s for *6d.* each..... Competition No. 1.

I, N or M, being of sound mind, enter this competition in good faith and of my own free will, and agree to accept the Editor's decision in all things, and especially to forego all claims to the enclosed postal orders.

Name .....

Address .....

Example.....

Bystandlet .....

(*Don't forget the postal orders.*)

Competitors who require further coupons have only to buy further copies of THE BYSTANDER.

TO NEWSAGENTS.—The newsvendors who supply the copies of THE BYSTANDER to the winners will receive *6d.* per copy—from the purchaser.

"WHEN YOU TRAVEL IN THE TRAIN, 'BYSTANDLETS'
WILL SOOTHE YOUR BRAIN"

Clerical Holidays—A Contrast

THE VICAR'S HOLIDAY—

—AND THE CURATE'S

BY HEBBLETHWAITE

ELLIMAN'S

"ROYAL" FOR ANIMALS "UNIVERSAL" FOR HUMAN USE

SEE THE ELLIMAN-E-F-A-BOOK. SEE THE ELLIMAN-R-E-P-BOOK.

EMBROCATION

THE WELL KNOWN PRACTICAL VALUE OF ELLIMAN'S

Embrocations in the treatment of ailments named in the Elliman Booklets is established by results. That Elliman's Embrocations will allay pain, check inflammation, also promote rapid healing, if judiciously applied (*i.e.* according to the instructions given in the Elliman Booklets) has for many years been recognised and acted upon daily, which accounts for a large sale of Elliman's resulting from recommendation.

The R.E.P. Booklet, 96 pages, Illustrated, is enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Universal Embrocation, for Human Use, price 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/-.

The E.F.A. Booklet, treatment of Animals, 72 pages, Illustrated, is enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Royal Embrocation, for Use on Animals, price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6.

Elliman, Sons & Co.,
Embrocation Manufacturers,
Slough, England

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"In Luck's Way"

M. Nattier's Necklace

THE TRUE STORY OF A DARING RUSE

THE town of Biarritz has long been famous for the magnificence of its jewellers' shops. Nearly all the great houses of the Rue de la Paix have for years had branch establishments in that famous watering place, where they display the most up-to-date and alluring of rings and pendants, necklaces and pins, to tempt the lucky gambler or the passing millionaire to take away with him or her some "trifling" souvenir of his visit. But of all the magnificent shops that displayed jewellery in their windows none was more gorgeous than that of M. Nattier. Did a rival display a wonderful emerald priced at £500, M. Nattier would show one whose value was £750. Was a pearl necklace, for which £5,000 was asked, conspicuously shown in a window, M. Nattier would offer one to the public gaze at double that cost. It was M. Nattier's pride that his jewels could not be outdone. He had no branch establishment. Born and bred in Biarritz, he had started in a very small way in his native town, and, by dint of his own perseverance and Mme. Nattier's remarkable thrift, had risen and risen until at last he had become the premier jeweller of a town which has every reason to be proud of its dealers in precious stones.

"Who are these ardent lovers?"
"They aren't lovers, they are only nice Society people dancing the Turkey Trot."
"But how can that girl's chaperon allow her to dance it?"
"Hush! That's the chaperon!"

M. and Mme. Nattier had no children. They scarcely regretted the fact; for, as they often declared, their work was more than a family to them. Mme. Nattier looked after their comfortable apartment overlooking the sea, about a mile from the shop; and M. Nattier occupied himself solely with the sale of his wonderful stock. It was rare indeed for Mme. Nattier to put in an appearance at her husband's place of business. To begin with, her flat took up the greater part of her time; then there were visits to pay, there was the marketing to be done, there were M. Nattier's clothes to be looked after, and, above all, there were the books to keep. For, while Mme. Nattier was seldom in the shop, it was she who controlled its finances; above all, it was she who looked after the money bags. Beyond the necessary amount of cash for change, none of the Nattier's money left the Nattier's apartment save to be placed in the bank. A fireproof, burglar-proof safe, of wonderful construction, stood next to Mme. Nattier's very bed, and in it lay sheaves of banknotes ready for any emergency that might arise in connection with the Nattier's business. It often occurred that, during business hours, M. Nattier would be offered some wonderful bargain by a ruined gambler, anxious to get money at any cost; and M. Nattier was not above profiting by such an offer. In such cases, were the amount he had to pay larger than that which lay in his office, he was in the habit of sending a note to his wife, asking her for the amount he required. On receipt of which note Mme. Nattier would immediately put the required number of *billets de banque* in a sealed envelope and send them back to her spouse.

On the day upon which the following event occurred M. Nattier ate his roll and drank his coffee, preparatory to setting out, in anything but a good temper. For one thing, the coffee was not as hot as M. Nattier would have had it: in the second, Mme. Nattier complained of a cold caught while out driving the day before, and declared her intention of spending the whole of the day in her room. Moreover, business had of late been unusually slack. The season was a bad one, and M. Nattier's magnificent stock disappeared but with extreme slowness. He had anticipated a brilliant summer, and here he was, very nearly at the end of it, with the greater part of his most expensive goods still on his hands. What worried him in particular was the failure of a peculiarly beautiful pearl necklace, valued at £15,000, to tempt a purchaser to buy it. Grand Dukes had looked at it, American millionaires had admired it, famous actresses and singers had sighed over it. It had been the envy of all the other jewellers in the street; but no purchaser volunteered himself.

So, what with the tepid coffee, his wife's cold, and

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the necklace, M. Nattier was in anything but good humour that March morning, in spite of the blazing sun that poured in at his window, the blue sky overhead, and the bluer sea below.

Business, however, had to be attended to, bad though it might be; and M. Nattier, having managed to swallow his coffee and roll, went to bid his wife good-bye.

"Till this evening, *ma Juliette!*" he said affectionately, as he embraced his wife, who, in curl papers and with an extremely red nose and very watery eyes, looked the reverse of Shakespeare's heroine.

"Till this evening, *mon Lolo!*" replied his wife, as affectionately as her catarrh would permit.

"I may possibly want a little money during the day," added M. Nattier, as he put on his hat. "Durand wrote me to expect him to-day. He has, he tells me, something wonderful to offer me. If I want any, I will send round a word."

"Very well, *mon chou*," replied Mme. Nattier.

M. Nattier walked briskly to his shop, the glorious weather chasing away his ill-temper as he went. And, by the time he had hung up his hat in his back office, he had grown quite cheerful; for Jules, his faithful assistant, announced that the Comtesse de Guerville had already been in, and, in spite of the early hour, had purchased the £500 emerald pendant, upon which she had set her heart some days ago.

"She had luck at the baccarat last night, I suppose," remarked M. Nattier, rubbing his hands together.

"Yes, sir; precisely," replied Jules. "It appears that that Polish prince, whose automobile some have remarked these last few days, took a bank of a thousand louis at baccarat, and Mme. La Comtesse went *banco* and won it."

"What a gambler is Madame La Comtesse!" sighed M. Nattier, as he began to open his correspondence.

"She is mad," confirmed Jules, as he inspected, apparently without the slightest necessity, a tiny jewelled watch.

The morning passed quietly enough—too quietly to suit M. Nattier's taste. A few customers came in; but they were of that irritating type that compel the salesman to display half his wares for their inspection, and end by buying nothing at all. By luncheon time M. Nattier was once again in an extremely bad temper.

"I shall sell my business" he declared to the patient Jules.

"Monsieur must not despair," consoled the assistant.

As Jules uttered the above remark, a motor-car dashed up to the door, pulling up so sharply that M. Nattier's attention, hitherto absorbed by a ruby heart—a present of which he contemplated making his wife—was roused, and he looked out of the window.

"Do you know whose that magnificent car is?" he asked.

"Yes," returned Jules; "it belongs to the Polish prince who lost money to Madame La Comtesse. What a carriage!"

It was, indeed, a gorgeous car. The motor was evidently of very high power, the body was the latest model of the coachbuilder's art, the upholstery was of strawberry-cream satin, and the lamps and metal work were of silver-gilt; while the chauffeur and footman wore long black coats trimmed with astrakhan,

LITTLE BIFFINS: "Jolly party that at the Highflyer's last night. Is it true you were the only sober man in the room after I left?"

HIS REVERENCE (shocked): "No, certainly not!"

L. B. (innocently): By jove! you don't mean that. Who was, then?"

By G. L. Stampa

with big gold buttons upon which were engraved the prince's coronet, the same design figuring upon the door panel. From the car descended—as M. Nattier and Jules peered through the window, their mouths wide open with admiration—a tall, stately figure—that evidently of the Prince himself. He wore a heavy black beard, was expensively though quietly dressed, and wore his right arm in a sling. The footman helped him down, holding his cap in his hand, and then ran to M. Nattier's shop and opened the door.

M. Nattier sprang forward to receive his august visitor, bowing low before him—an act of courtesy imitated by Jules, who remained in the background.

"*Bon jour*, M. Nattier, *bon jour*," said the Prince affably. "I have for long been meaning to pay a visit to your shop. People tell me it is the finest in Biarritz."

"Your Highness is too kind," replied M. Nattier, visibly enchanted by the compliment. "Can I show your Highness one or two of my little *bijoux?* I boast myself that I have things that one cannot find anywhere else."

"Then let me see some of your things," interrupted His Highness, seating himself in a chair by the table, upon which M. Nattier invariably displayed his precious goods.

"The ruby-and-diamond pendant, Jules, that I bought yesterday," called out M. Nattier; "also that lovely one with the emeralds and pearls, and that little one set with sapphires."

Jules duly brought the articles in question, and the Prince inspected them through a gold-rimmed eyeglass. M. Nattier could soon see that he was evidently a connoisseur.

(Continued on page 79)

"Crocodile Tears"

"ALAS! MY POOR BROTHER"—ANOTHER VERSION

BY G. JENNIS

(Continued from page 77)

"Very pretty; very good taste," he kept murmuring, as he turned them over and over. Finally he lingered over the emerald-and-pearl pendant, and suddenly asked M. Nattier its price.

"Fifteen thousand francs," said M. Nattier.

The Prince smiled.

"We Poles love bargains," said he. "I will give you fourteen thousand, cash." M. Nattier bowed very low.

"In order to induce your Highness to become my regular customer, I will let your Highness have the pendant for 14,000 francs," he said, with a sad smile that was intended to convey the impression that he was a loser by the transaction. (He was scarcely that; for he had bought the pendant the day before for ten thousand.)

"M. Nattier," remarked the Prince, "you are a born diplomat."

"Your Highness is too amiable," returned the delighted jeweller, rubbing his hands.

Jules packed up the pendant and brought it to the Prince, who was making an inspection of the shop. The Prince took it with his sound hand, and put it in his pocket.

"And now, I suppose, you would like some money, M. Nattier," he laughed. "Would you be so kind as to put your hand in the breast pocket of my coat and find my *porte feuille?* There—in the left-hand pocket. My right hand was injured the other day in——well, a little *affair d'honneur*—and is of no use to me at the moment."

M. Nattier extracted the case from his Highness's pocket with infinite care, and awaited instructions.

"You will find plenty of *billets de mille* in it, M. Nattier," smiled the Prince. "Please take out the fourteen thousand francs I owe you."

M. Nattier extracted a fat bundle of bank-notes from a pocket of the case, counted out fourteen of them, replaced the remainder in the *porte feuille*, and then put back the whole in the Prince's pocket.

"I thank your Highness infinitely," he said, bowing again.

Jules sprang to the door, to open it; but the Prince stopped him.

"One moment," he said. Then, turning to M. Nattier, "Some weeks ago I promised Her Highness—who, I regret to say, is far from well—a pearl necklace; but I have seen nothing to my taste in Biarritz. I suppose you have nothing here that would interest me?"

"*Pardon*, Monseigneur, *pardon*," deprecated M. Nattier; "but *justement* I have here one of the most perfect little necklaces which your Highness has ever seen. Look at this, your Highness—examine this! Have you ever seen anything more perfect? And, it being near the close of the season, I am willing to sell it very cheap. Take it in your hand, your Highness. I can see that your Highness is a *connoisseur*; and — quite apart from any question of buying it—I should be proud to have your Highness's opinion of it. Is it not of a rare beauty?"

The Prince took the necklace, and gave it the most thorough of inspections. He turned it over and over; he examined each pearl carefully; he held it up to the light; he put it on the black cloth that covered M. Nattier's table. Finally, he admitted that the necklace was indeed a gem.

"But what are you asking for it?" he queried.

M. Nattier's reply had a preamble. He explained that the necklace was one of great rarity, for which he had asked a very high price indeed. But the season had been bad, and was near its end, and he was in want of money. Moreover, he would die happy if he could see his beautiful necklace round the still more beautiful throat of Madame La Princesse. Finally, he wound up by saying that he would accept three hundred and fifty thousand francs for the necklace.

The Prince laughed. "I will give you three hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, cash," he said.

"Monseigneur," bowed M. Nattier, "the necklace is yours!"

"All right!" laughed the Prince. "Then you must feel in my pocket again, and pay yourself."

Once again did M. Nattier's hand dive for the *porte feuille* and recover it, and once again did the Prince beg him to count the money, while he went on inspecting the shop.

"I regret, your Highness," said M. Nattier, after a minute or two, "but there is not sufficient money in your Highness's *porte feuille*. I can only find sixty thousand francs."

His Highness looked annoyed. "How tiresome!" he remarked, crossly. "I told my idiot of a secretary to put plenty of money in my pocket—plenty. But,

"Mummy, how do the hens know what priced eggs to lay?"
By G. Lyne.

of course—I forgot—— There's a cheque there; give it to me, and I will make it out for the balance, and your man can go to the bank and cash it."

But in vain did M. Nattier search for that cheque. The whole contents of the pocket-book were turned out; but not a form was there to be found.

The Prince was now thoroughly angry.

"What an idiot that secretary is! I will dismiss him the instant I return! The fool!—the ass!—the calf's head! He shall suffer for this! And I wanted particularly to please the Princesse, who is unwell!" He paced up and down the shop, muttering Russian curses under his breath—at least M. Nattier concluded that they must be Russian, as they were quite incomprehensible to him. At last, an idea struck the Prince, and he burst out laughing.

"It is I who am a fool!" he cried. "Why, of course, it's all too simple! Can you write a letter for me, M. Nattier?"

"Assuredly, *altesse*," bowed M. Nattier.

"Then take this down—Oh, any paper will do—your own, for preference; then the Princesse will guess that I am buying something for her. Are you ready?—Yes? Well, write this:

> "'Please give bearer 265,000 francs: I have got hold of a bargain.'

There's a compliment for you, M. Nattier!"

"Your Highness is too amiable," said M. Nattier. "How shall I sign the letter?"

"Oh, simply, 'Lolo,'" returned the Prince.

"What a coincidence!" exclaimed the jeweller. "'Lolo' is what my wife calls me, too."

"You should be flattered," remarked the Prince, evidently ill-pleased at the jeweller's familiarity. "No, there is no necessity to put it in an envelope; I will give it to my servant, and he will fetch the money at once. Call him, please."

The footman was duly summoned; instructions were given him in a tongue foreign to M. Nattier; and the Prince asked for a cigarette with which to while away the time during his servant's absence.

"I am a very nervous man," he explained to the jeweller, "and dislike waiting for anybody; but I have set my heart on giving that necklace to Madame La Princesse."

"I shall be the only one to regret its departure from my shop," smiled M. Nattier.

"I trust so," replied the Prince.

The servant took some time over his mission, and His Highness proved how nervous he was by pacing up and down the shop, peering anxiously from time to time through the window, occasionally going so far as to open the door and peep out, and looking continually at his watch.

At last the Prince's motor-car dashed round the corner and up to the shop. The Prince darted forward as his footman jumped down from the front seat.

"You have the reply?" he asked.

"Yes, Highness; here it is," replied the obsequious servant.

"Open the envelope and give me its contents," commanded his master.

The servant obeyed, and handed him a roll of notes. The Prince turned to M. Nattier and passed them on to him, with a request for him to see whether the amount was correct.

The jeweller counted the notes with the rapidity of an expert.

"The amount is absolutely correct, Highness."

"Then give me the necklace; I am in a hurry to be off," said the Prince.

Jules brought the precious packet, placed it in the Prince's pocket, and opened the shop door.

* * * * *

M. Nattier, it must be confessed, was late for dinner that night. So overjoyed was he at the excellent day's business that, contrary to his usual custom, he went to the *café* for an *apéritif*, and lingered over a game of draughts with a rival jeweller, whom he beat easily. When, at last, he reached his apartment, it was to find his wife up and dressed and considerably better—though a little inclined to scold her spouse for his tardy arrival.

But M. Nattier was in far too happy a humour to take notice of his wife's displeasure.

"What will you say, my little one, when I tell you that I have sold the pearl necklace?" beamed the happy jeweller, as he sat down to dinner.

"Sold the necklace!—have you?" exclaimed his wife, in a tone that betokened astonishment. "I thought that you had bought one."

"Bought one! my dear. No; I sold our famous pearl necklace—and at a big price, too. You shall have your automobile, at last!"

"Thank you," graciously replied Mme. Nattier. "But," she went on, evidently puzzled, "why did you send me that letter?"

"Letter? my little one," answered her astonished husband; "what letter? I never sent you a letter."

"Don't be stupid!" said his wife, sharply. "I mean that letter asking for money."

"Letter!—asking for money!" stammered M. Nattier.

"Yes, of course. How stupid you are! Don't look at me like an idiot! I mean that letter asking me to give the bearer two hundred and sixty-five thousand francs——"

"To—give——the bearer——two hundred and——sixty-five——thousand——francs!" gasped M. Nattier.

"Yes, idiot!" snapped his wife. "You know perfectly well what I mean. Why do you stare at me like that? What on earth's the matter with you?"

"To . . . give . . . the . . . bearer . . . two . . . hundred and . . . sixty-five . . . thousand . . . francs . . . I . . . have . . . got . . . hold . . . of . . . . a . . . . bargain. . . Lolo. . ." panted M. Nattier.

"Precisely," said his wife, crossly. "Why did you write that?"

But M. Nattier failed to reply. He had fallen in a heap on the floor.

* * * * *

Just as M. Nattier fainted, a high-powered car was making its way south, *via* Spain, as fast as its engine would let it. At its steering-wheel sat a tall, clean-shaven man, with a broad grin on his face.

"A fine bit of work, kid; and we've got a splendid start!" said the man who sat next to him.

"Yes, I reckon it was," shouted Kid, in reply. "And what's more, I guess Her Highness will be real pleased to wear old Nattier's necklace!" RALPH W. MAUDE

The Sort of Picture

WITHOUT WHICH A HOLIDAY ANNUAL WOULD BE INCOMPLETE

Picture Photograph MISS SHEILA HAYES *Elwin Neame*

Who is at present playing Plum Blossom in "The Yellow Jacket" at the Duke of York's Theatre, photographed in bathing costume

"Summer Nights Entertainments"

SOME SUGGESTIONS APROPOS OF THE THEATRICAL SLUMP

BY "JINGLE"

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER)

SIR,—Moving, as you do, in circles of universal knowledge, you can scarcely have failed to notice that the theatrical season now closing has been a not particularly brilliant one. For my humble part, I can only sit and wonder how the managers can do it at the price. The fact that an indifferent play has been produced does not worry the thinking public at all, because they have left to them always the music-halls and the picture shows. Managers of theatres are not, as far as I am aware, in the happy position of grand opera producers, who are subsidised liberally for the purpose of supplying to the public a form of entertainment which the public does not want. The past season must, therefore, have been a very exciting one from the financial point of view for the ordinary actor-manager, and it is on his behalf that I now raise a sympathetic voice.

I understand that the chief outlay involved in the production of a full-fledged play, in London, at least, is the rent of a theatre plus the travelling expenses of the dear personal friend who is hired to go up and down the land saying that the forthcoming play is the greatest thing that ever was. The present summer season seems to me to offer London managers the chance of their lives to dispense with theatres altogether and adopt the cheaper method of the open-air entertainment. If we have Pierrots and other fearful wild fowl on the beach at Brighton, why not *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* on the sands of Trouville (or whatever other spot the railway companies may have decided to advertise as the most fashionable resort for the season)? The advantage to theatrical managers would be a great saving of good money; while the advantage to the thinking public would be inestimable. At present, sir, you have to pay for your seat before you have seen a play; under this new system you would see the play first and decide at the fall of the curtain whether or not it was worth financial support in the public interest. If it promised to be a poor play, you could either stroll on to the next pitch and listen to humour and a harmonium, or you could bravely see the show through and just shake your head when the manager came round with the tambourine, or whatever would stand for the box-office of an open-air production.

On the other hand, if as soon as a play had started on the sands a satisfactory crowd did not immediately assemble, the whole company could move on and try another pitch. I have this season in London seen on more than one occasion a theatrical company playing to a "house" that was so small that it could scarcely have brought in enough to meet the gas-bill and the rent of the refreshment bar. I feel sure, sir, that in such cases a company would prefer to go out and find an audience for itself elsewhere, rather than plod on through a dreary evening to satisfy the requirements of the young man at the back of the gallery who had paid his shilling and was going to have the value of it in quantity at least. The open-air play would not only be fairer to the public, but it would be productive of a higher standard of acting. It is all very well for a distinguished actor-manager to produce *Hamlet* in his own theatre under police protection, and with a staff of firemen ready with the hose if the audience should get out of hand at any time; but if he took his performance to the sands with the thinking public all round him he would have to satisfy himself beforehand that he was supplying the right kind of goods. I do not like to refer to the close proximity of the sea at most of our popular holiday resorts; but the cold fact remains that it is there, and actors would probably think twice before going sufficiently close to it to run the risk of falling in, either by design or accident, because of the inferiority of their work.

All the new Oriental dances ought to do well at the seaside, since the fair dancer, having concluded her *faux pas seul* (if I have got the French right) could walk from the stage into the sea for her evening dip, for which she would be already suitably attired. Some of the open-air performances might not, of course, be without their little difficulties. For instance, the sight of Macbeth and Macduff concluding their now historical difference might cause more excitement than the local atmosphere would stand. A policeman dozing in the shade of a bathing-machine might open his eyes suddenly and hear a couple of fierce-looking Scotsmen threatening each other not only with swords, but, if my memory serves me, with rather unparliamentary language as well, and he might feel it his duty to run over and stop the fight in the interests of the King's peace.

But all great enterprises, sir, have their initial difficulties. Besides, remembering some of the plays I have seen in town during the past season it occurs to me as possible that the interference of the police might even be regarded by the audience as a work of mercy. The really serious drawback to open-air theatricals on the sands is the probability of effective competition. I mean, sir, if you were watching the great Mr. Socken-Buskin as Hamlet, and a rumour went through the crowd that there was a troupe of performing rabbits on the next pitch, would you stand manfully by the immortal bard, or would you steal remorsefully away to the adjoining freak show? I will not press the question if you would prefer not to answer it. The only point I desire to insist on is that it would not appear to be necessary to hire an expensive theatre in order to produce a good play. The thing could be given an airing by the sea; it could be brought back to town later on if there should be enough left of it. JINGLE

Holidays—in Anticipation and Realisation

Anticipation is said to be invariably superior to realisation. If this is so, then the average man annually gets the benefit of a European tour with the expense of a holiday at, say, Margate, in the manner illustrated above

The Shop Lady:

A New Type in Social Life

WE must no longer speak of the "shop-girl." Her place is being taken by the shop lady—a young person of superior manners, high intellectual attainments, and almost bewildering charm. At least, I find her a little bewildering when, as a hungry man, I seek a luncheon somewhere between the Temple and Charing Cross. There are many cosy little restaurants and "tea-rooms" in this neighbourhood, which during the last year or two have superseded the coarse old chop-houses and Italian mouse-traps of former days. One has to be very careful to wipe one's boots before entering, because the carpet is worked in Liberty colours, and one must mind one's manners in a place furnished like the "ideal home," with little blue pots hanging about the woodwork, for no apparent reason, with prints of Impressionist pictures hanging on colour-washed walls, and with "occasional" tables ready to be knocked over at the slightest indiscretion. But, above all, one must be polite to the lady who brings the bill of fare.

For this lady is probably very beautiful—with a wealth of red-gold hair and the look of one of Rossetti's virgins—and she is certainly beautifully dressed, with elaborate simplicity, in a tight-fitting gown of natural colour, and a dainty apron decorated with little bows and tucks, which play the very deuce with one's presence of mind. It requires some courage to cast one's eye down the menu and to order calves' liver and bacon, or shepherd's pie, from an obviously high-born damsel whose condescension does not quite conceal a touch of patrician haughtiness, and who makes it quite clear to you that she is conferring a favour upon you when she deigns to satisfy your bestial instincts for food.

Intellectually, of course, she is immeasurably your superior. All women are, nowadays, of all men. But although one takes that for granted, it is a little embarrassing and humiliating to be convicted of crass stupidity between two mouthfuls of clear, or thick, soup, and to have one's lack of education rubbed in, as it were, over a roly-poly pudding with jam.

I felt that very keenly only yesterday, when happening to glance up over my meal I caught the blue eyes of my attendant lady gazing at me in a pensive way. Without the slightest provocation on my part she asked the question which was already in her eyes.

"Tell me," she said, with a little air of authority, "what do you think of Eugenics?"

It was a paralysing blow. I could think of absolutely nothing to say on this great subject. If I had ever entertained an opinion about it, it fled from me now. My mind was a hopeless blank, and I took another mouthful of pudding to hide my lack of ideas.

The shop lady looked at me in a pitying way, and said she supposed I was like all other men of to-day, careless of the vital questions of the race. I assented, feebly, but she gave me another chance.

I was entrapped into a discussion about the relative merits of the Cubists and the Futurists, followed, on the shop lady's part, by a really brilliant summing-up of Henri Bergson's philosophy.

I have discovered one reason why these restaurants attended by ladies are becoming so popular with briefless barristers and under-paid journalists. They are cheaper. It is impossible to tip a lady tuppence when she has shown such intellectual power, and such patrician breeding. But, of course, there are other reasons.

And there are other types of shop ladies.

There is the lady who languishes in the marble halls, and floral bowers, of the great "establishments." I confess she fills me with nervous terror, so that whenever I go shopping with one of my own lady friends which is not often, I feel water at the knees, and my backbone melts like a piece of putty. Because these superb creatures—surely they are eleven feet high?—with their black satin gowns and sweeping trains, with their hair in wonderful *coiffures*, and with their lovely faces as impassive and as scornful as those of the waxen beauties in the hairdressers' windows, seem to have no pity in their hearts for a shabby little man, insignificant as a worm in the presence of their high stature, who crawls up the marble staircase—possibly with muddy boots—in the fire of their haughty gaze. One's own poor little lady friend, so charming in her own home, so noted for her good taste, suddenly looks dowdy when compared with these showroom ladies, and she speaks to one in a whisper.

The shop ladies are increasing in numbers day by day. Some of them have invaded my own street, and sell sweetmeats and home-made cakes with an air of gentility which could not have been surpassed by Queen Anne's maids-of-honour, who once lived close by. There is a new shop opened in the slums behind Westminster Abbey. It is called St. Veronica's shop, and here in an atmosphere of high art ladies of high degree sell needlework, book-bindings, illuminated manuscripts and wonderful embroideries, made by their own hands in the workshops upstairs. Princesses and all kinds of great people go to this little house of beauty in the slums, where the shop lady receives them not with a bob-curtsey, but with a "How do you do?" For the successor to the poor little shop-girl of the past is, herself, a lady of quality.

PHILIP GIBBS

Cléo Comes Over Here

TO CHARM US AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE

MLLE. CLÉO DE MÉRODE

The beautiful profile of the irresistible French comedienne and dancer who is appearing with much success in "Come Over Here." This is her first appearance in London for two years. She is the inventor of the coiffure with which she has always been specially identified. Her name was at one time coupled with a once famous Royalty

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

ISLE OF MAN
NORTH OF IRELAND
SCOTLAND
LANCASHIRE COAST
PEAK DISTRICT
YORKSHIRE MOORS
LAKE DISTRICT

YOU CAN MAKE THE RAILWAY JOURNEY A PLEASANT PART OF THE HOLIDAY BY TRAVELLING MIDLAND

LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

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The Latest Service is via Southampton
by 9.45 p.m. Boat Express from Waterloo every Week-day, which from July 1st will be

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GEARED TURBINE STEAMERS now in the service between SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE.

TRAVEL WHILE YOU SLEEP, and enjoy a good night's rest while CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

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Art Al Fresco

PICTORIAL STUDIES OF OUTDOOR LIFE, REAL AND FANTASTIC

LA FARANDOLE

BY PIERRE CARRIER BELLEUSE

Music as a Soporific

FROM THE PAINTING "AT A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE: THE CONCERT HOUR" BY A. GUILLAUME

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"The Storm that Follows Fast"

A SMACK MAKING FOR LOWESTOFT HARBOUR

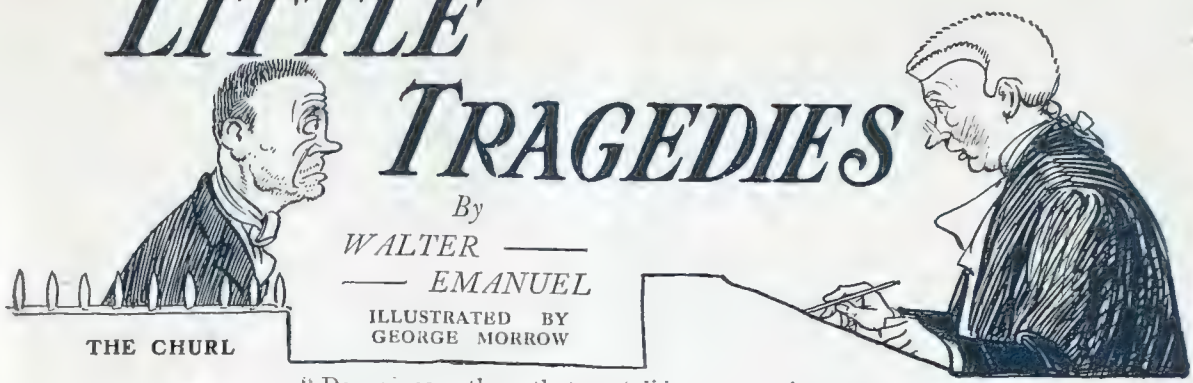
Le Premier Bain

FROM THE SALON PAINTING BY M. PAUL CHABAS

LITTLE TRAGEDIES

By WALTER —— —— EMANUEL

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MORROW



THE CHURL

"Do you say, then, that you did not commit the murder?" asked the judge of the prisoner.

"I'm not going to say as I did, and I'm not going to say as I didn't. That's for you and the jury to find out," snapped the prisoner.

THE COLD DOUCHE

It happened at a Fancy Dress Ball.

"And pray, sir, what are you?" asked the old gentleman.

"A Moor, sir."

"Well, I've been in Morocco," said the old gentleman, "and I think if I were you I should call myself a Moor-or-less!"

THE AWKWARD MISTAKE

A lady was visiting the studio of a post-impressionist.

"Now that, surely, is one of your best works, hanging on that nail there?" she said.

"Oh, that," explained the master, "is my palette."

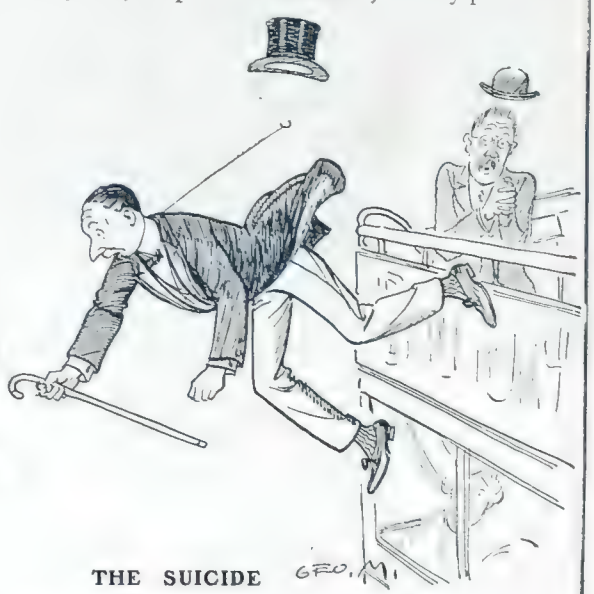
CAUGHT OUT

It is pleasant, no doubt, to be in love with two girls at the same time, but it has its risks.

The Young Man and Sybil were sitting side by side in the twilight, and he was stroking her hand.

"Darling Mildred!" he murmured.

"Sir!" said Sybil.



THE SUICIDE

She had rejected him, and he would commit suicide.

He had often thought it out: it should be by drowning.

She had laughed at his threat. She would be sorry now, perhaps.

LITTLE TRAGEDIES (*continued*)

So he mounted a horse-omnibus going towards Hammersmith.

Suddenly, a great shouting. A runaway brewer's van dashes round the corner, and comes straight at the 'bus. "Look out!" shouted warning voices.

Quick as lightning the young man let himself over the side of the 'bus, and saved his life. Phew!

THE DOCTOR AND THE IMPATIENT

"But I sent for Doctor Jones!" complained the petulant patient, when a very nervous young man made his appearance.

"Oh, D-d-doctor Jones is t-t-taking a holiday, and I'm his—"

"*Locum tremens?*" snapped the patient.

OUR CALLOUS CHILDREN

It was Marjorie's birthday, and she had another little girl in to spend the afternoon with her.

At half-past five Marjorie's mamma went up to the nursery to see how they were getting on. She found Marjorie steadily plodding through tea alone.

"Why, where's your little guest?" asked Mamma.

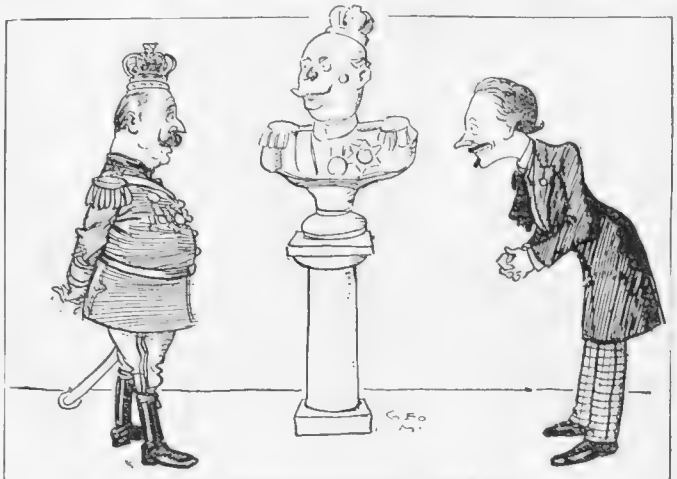
"Dono," said Marjorie, going on eating. "We were playing hide-and-seek, and I gave up looking for her a long time ago."

THE WITTY WATCH-DOG

"And whom do you want?" inquired the Commissionaire of the seedy-looking gent who was about to enter the office.

"Oh, no one in pertickler," said the coat-hat-and-umbrella thief.

"Well, then, you'd better not go in there," said the Commissionaire. "You'll find them all very particular in there!"



THE DISSATISFIED CLIENT

The Sculptor was showing the bust to the Royal Highness.

"What?" cried the Royal Highness, "What is that on the left-side of my face?"

"That, your Royal Highness," answered the Sculptor, with a courtly bow, "is a Royal Wart."

"A Royal what?" screamed the Royal Highness.

A USE FOR EVERYTHING

It was the new boy's first morning at the greengrocer's.

"'Ere, what d'you mean by shaking the duster out of the window," cried the proprietor, "wasting all that good dust!"

"Wasting it?" asked the astonished lad.

"Where d'you think we get the bloom for the grapes from?" came the answer.

ART

PAST PRESENT FUTURE

In Pilchard Town

A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF THE ARTIST'S CORNISH MECCA

A VIEW IN ST. IVES

St. Ives is one of the principal towns concerned in the Pilchard Fishery Industry. These fish, which are somewhat akin to the immortal sardine, make their appearance in shoals during October in the deep water west of the Scilly Isles. Other queer fish in St. Ives consist of a fairly strong body of artists, amateur and otherwise, who seek inspiration in the wild beauties of this district

BY J. CRUWYS RICHARDS

Au Marché du Crotoy

FROM THE PAINTING BY V. G. GILBERT IN THE PARIS SALON

MICKLETON'S MEMORY

A Fragment from a Journalist's Note-book

THE Right Hon. James Mickleton P.C., M.P., suffers from an almost hopeless memory. Not for facts and figures, for use in debate. He's fine at them. No. His memory fails him in the smaller affairs of life, as it often does men absorbed in big ones. He forgets faces and names, even those of his own colleagues and associates. He's been known to cut dead the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with whom he's on the most intimate terms, and once he stopped his own private secretary in a West End street as though he were a stranger, to ask the nearest way somewhere.

Why wasn't it generally known? Ah! The Cabinet keeps its secrets close. I happen to have known it, though, for some time. Many years ago, when some political campaign was going on, Mickleton was being blackguarded by the other side in the most vicious fashion. I was then young on the Press, and took it into my head as a speculation to go and interview him, to get from him material for a rebuttal. He gave it to me with the utmost alacrity, saying I should be doing him a service he would never forget. I took it along to the editor of a society paper I was then in touch with, whose name was James Summers.

Summers laughed loudly at the idea of publishing a "whitewash" of Mickleton. Hadn't I seen his current issue, in which some wholly new and startling details had been given out about Mickleton's private life?

I picked up the paper, and read something that was very lurid, the gist of which was that Mickleton's private life was such as to unfit him to sit in an assembly of respectable men. I warned Summers he'd get into trouble over it, and took my article off to another paper, which printed it.

Now, not very long after its publication I met Mickleton in the street. He gave me a look that went right through me, and passed on as though he'd never seen me. I met him over and over again, but never once did he recognise me. I was vexed—disgusted—not knowing what I since learned about the state of his mind.

Then the expected happened in regard to Summers. A writ was issued against him for criminal libel. Summers's solicitors said it would be a case of twelve months hard labour, and advised him to seek out Mickleton and get him to accept a public apology. This he did, and Mickleton, to save washing dirty linen in public, was advised by his counsel to accept. Summers's paper had to publish a most abject apology, which had also to go in several other papers. By way of melodramatic effect, too, Summers had to go to Mickleton's office and in the presence of the heads of the department to make yet another apology. Before accepting it, Mickleton denounced Summers in terms of absolute hatred, and said though he officially forgave the offence, he could never forget the man who had committed it. He would be marked for the rest of his life.

The amusing part of this is that just as Mickleton had clean forgotten me his flatterer, so he clean forgot Summers, his detractor. Like myself, Summers met him over and over again in the street, and got from him just the same stony stare of unrecognition as had I.

Now for the sequel, to reach which I must pass over five years, and come to a certain afternoon of the present summer. As a journalist I had to interview all sorts of men on all sorts of subjects. On this day my orders were to see a certain mind specialist on some current topic. As I was crossing Grosvenor Square on the way to the interview I saw coming out of a house in Brook Street the unmistakeable figure of James Mickleton. I noticed him refuse to take a taxi, and he walked almost straight into me.

I was preparing to pass him, in the usual way, when to my utter astonishment he stopped, gave me a most charming smile, stretched out his hand, and said:

"Why, it's Mr. Leggatt. Dear, dear, what a pleasure to meet you! I've at last got an opportunity to thank you for that most charming article you wrote about me in the *Spokesman*. Now, what are you doing to-night? A little dinner, eh? Well, come to the Ministry and pick me up at eight sharp, and we'll dine together at the House."

If the Heavens had opened and a company of angels had descended playing golden harps I couldn't have been more astounded. I accepted the invitation heartily, and in a state of amazed elation began to watch for the number of my specialist's house. To my further astonishment, I recognised it to be that from which Mr. Mickleton had himself emerged. Could he have been paying a professional call—and could his sudden recollection of me be the direct result of some special memory treatment? If so, then this must be a magician I was to see, not a doctor.

When I was shown into the consulting-room, it was I who opened the conversation with the specialist.

"I've just met a distinguished patient of yours," I said, "Mr. Mickleton."

"Ah?" said the specialist. "You know him?"

"Yes. But for the first time in five years he's known me." The specialist's face changed into one of almost childlike delight.

"What? Tell me, he recognised you for the first time?"

"For the first time. Thanked me for the first time for services I rendered years ago. I'm to dine with him at the House to-night at eight."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"My dear fellow,' said the doctor, "you are the bearer of the best news I've had for months. I've been seeing Mickleton daily now for weeks past, and though he'd certainly seemed to be improving, I never supposed the cure to have taken so quickly. Of course," he continued, thoughtfully, his face relaxing into seriousness, "it may be a purely momentary flash, which may go as quickly as it came. We must wait and see if some other evidence of recovered memory comes to hand. If you hear, you'll let me know. For instance," he laughed, "see if he *keeps* that appointment with you. . . ."

Then I opened the subject of the interview, and after remaining about half-an-hour, I left the specialist.

I happened to have to pay a call on the *Spokesman* editor that evening at about seven o'clock—some series of articles he wanted me to write for him—so when I had changed into my dress-clothes at the club I took a taxi to Fleet Street. I found him in the middle of a conference with his staff. He bade me come in, adding that there was a bit of news that had come over the tape on which he'd like my assistance. He threw me over a slip-proof, for to-morrow's paper, which read as follows:

MYSTERIOUS OUTRAGE AT WESTMINSTER
UNKNOWN MAN ATTACKED BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANT

"A respectably dressed man of about forty years of age was at about six o'clock last evening the victim of a savage assault outside the offices of the Ministry of Hedges and Ditches in Westminster. He appeared to have been struck violently over the forehead with a walking-stick, but as the assault was unwitnessed by anybody, the street being comparatively deserted at the time, the police are puzzled to know how to proceed. The man was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he lies in a precarious condition."

"Bit of a coincidence," I said. "I happen to be calling on the Minister at that very office in an hour from now."

"Are you though? I say, Leggatt. We're unexpectedly short-handed to-night. As you're going that way, would you oblige us by dropping out at St. Thomas's Hospital and getting a description of the man for us? And if, of course, you can pick up anything at the offices of the Hedges and Ditches about the affair you'll oblige us even more. Here are some press telegraph forms."

I said I should be delighted to oblige an editor who was going to put a good deal of money in my pocket, though reporting wasn't much in my line, and, after briefly discussing my own business, I took myself off towards the hospital.

I found the officials unusually obliging, and one of them, hearing which paper I was acting for, suggested that I should see the man for myself and make my description at first hand.

The man on the bed, pallid of face, his eyes closed, breathing heavily, with a bad black bruise on his forehead, was none other than my erstwhile acquaintance and fellow-journalist, James Summers. I was at first, of course, shocked, as one always is at the sight of a familiar face in the shadow of death. Then shock gave place to a sense of the coincidence of the thing—that the outrage should have taken place outside the office to which I was myself going—though it was in a quarter regularly enough frequented by a political journalist such as Summers.

"At what time was the assault committed?" I asked the man in plain clothes—probably a detective—who was waiting at the bedside with the surgeon and the nurse.

"On the very stroke of six," he said. "Big Ben was strikin' it,"

"Well," I said, "as it happens, I can tell you who the man is. I know him."

I told him: also what I knew about Summer's antecedents.

"Is he likely to 'ave any enemies as you know of?"

"A good many," I said, lightly. "His journalistic style is trenchant and very personal. Why, don't you remember——." I was about to remind him of the Mickleton libel, when some sense of discretion put a bridle on my tongue.

"I've forgotten what it was now," I said. "Some libel case."

"You'll pardon me pressin' you, sir, but it'd 'elp us if you could remember what libel case."

"Look here," I said, "will you excuse my saying any more just now? Here's my name and address. But I've to dine with Mr. Mickleton, the Minister himself, in five minutes."

"Indeed," said the detective, with a shrewd glance. "If that's so, and it wouldn't inconvenience you, sir, I'd like to cross the Bridge with you. It'll save a cab-fare."

The detective asked me to drop him at the corner of Parliament Square, for Scotland Yard, and on the stroke of eight I entered the Ministry, and asked for Mr. Mickleton. I waited some little time in an ante-room, and began to grow rather impatient.

"Mr. Mickleton's in, I suppose?" I asked at length.

"Oh, yes, sir," said a pleasant white-whiskered doorkeeper, not unlike the late President Kruger, "I expect he'll send down soon. The secretary's got your card right enough."

"Strange affair that outside this evening," I said by way of conversation, to try and keep myself from a demonstration of intense impatience.

"Why, yes," said the man. "If Mr. Mickleton had only been a minute later he'd have witnessed it himself. Just as well he didn't, though, for it'd have upset him, and his nerves are none too good. Why, as he came in to-night he looked all of a shake."

"Did he though?" I exclaimed, interestedly.

So Mr. James Mickleton had himself entered the Ministry at about the time the attack on Summers was supposed to have taken place, according to the doorkeeper, a minute before Big Ben had struck six—and was noticed to have been all-of-a-shake. . . . Nobody had witnessed the assault, and, the street being deserted, neither presumably had they witnessed the arrival at about the same moment of the Minister. My mind was forming a curious theory which may have already occurred to the reader when——thank goodness at last I heard footsteps. They proved to be those not of Mr. Mickleton, but of a young man in a morning coat, who came into the waiting-room.

"Is it you who have asked for Mr. Mickleton?" he said superciliously. "What is the business, please?"

"My business," I said as politely as I could, "is an appointment to dine with Mr. Mickleton to-night at eight o'clock."

(*Continued on page 102*)

The Royal "Game" in Rhodesia

"Any loose impedimenta (not being in or touching a hazard) which is within a club's length of the ball may be removed"
(*From Taylor's "Etiquette of Golf"*)

BY H. McCORMICK

(Continued from page 100)

"I think you must be mistaken," he said. "Mr. Mickleton says he's never heard of you."

"Ah, indeed. . . . Well, I met him this evening in Brook Street at half-past five, and he greeted me by name and asked me to dine with him at eight to-night."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Mickleton says he doesn't know you, and I can hardly call him a liar." The secretary then lowered his voice. "As a matter of fact, he's not quite himself. I think you'd better give him a miss, as it were, for this evening."

At that moment the waiting-room was approached by other footsteps, which had come up quickly and quietly. I turned, to recognise with astonishment my late friend the detective. His face looked a good deal less amiable and more professional than when I had left him.

"It's all right," he said to the secretary, indicating myself, "I've just called for my friend here."

"Then I'll say good evening," said the secretary, bolting.

"Well, ain't the Minister ready?" said the detective, with a suggestion of facetiousness. "I was hoping to catch a glimpse of you *with* 'im, just to make sure what you said was true, you know."

"There's some mistake," I said confusedly, realising that my position was a most humiliating one.

"I thought there might be. Well, as you're free this evening, perhaps you'd just step round to the Yard, and let's have a little further talk about things."

The unmistakeably policeman-like way in which he said this left no doubt it would be wiser on my part to do as he suggested. As we walked, I said to him:

"Look here. At the moment when the assault was committed I was at the house of Dr. Mendel Morris, in Brook Street. Would you like to lock me up in a cell at Scotland Yard while you go and see whether what I said was true?"

"Oh, it won't be a cell. Just a nice cosy ante-room. And, thank you, perhaps we will send up to Dr. Morris."

It happened to be only half-an-hour that I sat in that ante-room. At the end of it, to my intense relief, there arrived not only the detective, but my specialist himself. His face, on seeing me, was a veritable study.

"Good God! Mr. Leggatt. You here. . . . I thought you were at the House." He raised his eye-brows questioningly, and I, knowing exactly what he meant, nodded my head sadly in the affirmative.

"Forgot the appointment, did he? Well, well," he said, sadly. "So the return of memory was only momentary, as I feared."

"No, no," I corrected, when the detective left us together alone. "It must have lasted at the very least half-an-hour. Though he has lost it again now, he retained it at all events up till the time that Big Ben struck six."

"How do you know that?" he said, his sharp dark eyes revealing that his acute brain was busily at work.

I put the tip of my finger to my lips. The officer was rejoining us.

"We," he began, looking from me to the doctor and back again, "we're satisfied as to you, Mr.—er—Leggatt, and needn't keep you from your dinner. If anything should *'appen* to Mr. Summers, of course we may 'ave to examine you again, and the doctor too. But there's every reason to 'ope 'e'll recover, and that there'll be no need to take any serious steps."

"I'm sure I hope so," I said to the doctor as we walked along the Embankment towards the Constitutional Club, where I had asked him to dine with me. "It would be most unpleasant to have to charge a Cabinet Minister with *murder*."

My companion stopped still, his face a positive study in astonishment.

"Mr. Mickleton—murder? My dear Mr. Leggatt I hope your own mind is not giving way."

"Not yet." I said, smiling, and over dinner I told him just what there was to tell about the victim of the outrage.

"You see," I concluded, "if Mickleton recovered his memory sufficiently to remember the man who had done him a service, he also recovered it to remember the man who had done him an injury. The moral of which seems to me to be 'Let sleeping lions—and sleeping memories—lie.' For if they awaken to remember good, so do they awaken to remember evil." And we went downstairs to smoke it out.

. . .

Fortunately for the Cabinet, there was no prosecution of one of its members for murder. The victim of the mysterious outrage obliged everybody, including himself, by recovering. On coming round, however, he was able so thoroughly to clear up the mystery as to the identity of his assailant that—well, he is now keeping quiet about it in the remote country on an income sufficient to enable him to continue keeping quiet for the rest of his life.

Mr. Mickleton is shortly to go to the Peerage, where, in these days, loss of memory or any other of the mental faculties is presumably an advantage rather than a disadvantage.

VIVIAN CARTER

"A SHORT WIFE AND A MERRY ONE"
A sketch at Rien-sur-Seine
By E. T. REED

Golf Terms Illustrated

"THROUGH THE GREEN"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

"Paris-Sur-Mer"

AN IMPRESSION OF THE MADDING HOLIDAY CROWD AT DEAUVILLE

From a place of comparative insignificance, Deauville has, in a flash, so to speak, become the principal watering place in France. Here the élite of Paris flock during the season to recuperate. Deauville boasts a splendid Casino, which attracts the great gamblers in the world. It is interesting to note that Trouville, the adjoining and once popular resort, has practically become a suburb of Deauville

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY?

A popular centre for lovers of the Lake District. Coniston is situated on the western bank of the lake of that name, and but a few miles from Windermere. It is one of the many Lake District Towns on the Furness Railway Company's route.

By Sea, Stream, Spa or Mountain

Expensive Travel

In the old days—not so very old as all that, by the way—the holiday choice was comparatively easy in the making. The travel pace was slow then. Things were by no means made easy for the traveller as they are now. Moreover, travel was far more expensive. The thousand and one excursions and tours that exist to-day were only then in the beginning.

Piles of Programmes

Nowadays the intending maker of holiday has an *embarras de richesses* spread before him from which to make choice. His own country offers him countless attractions. France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy, to say nothing of Belgium and of Norway and Sweden, prepare the most tempting of holiday *menus;* such great tourist agencies as Cook's put what were once prohibitive excursions within the reach of the modest purse; shipping companies organise the most fascinating of cruises. His table littered with piles of programmes, the map of Europe spread before him, the would-be holiday-maker sits with his head in his hands puzzling a bewildered brain as to the place upon which he shall set his choice.

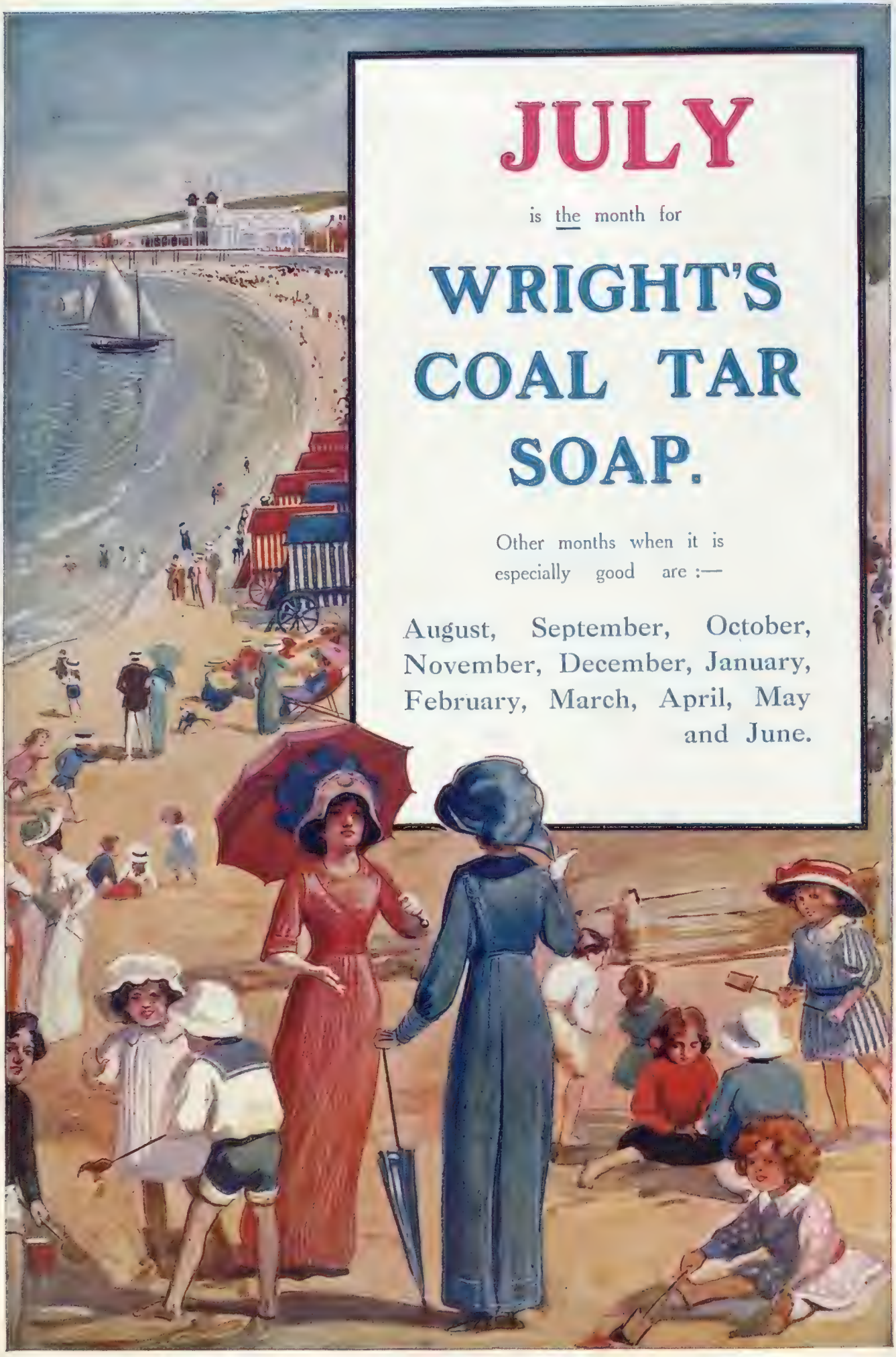
A GENERAL VIEW OF FELIXSTOWE
The well-known East Coast resort, on the Great Eastern line

Specimen Holidays

It is with a view to making this choice more simple that this supplement has been written. Just as a *maître-d'hôtel* suggests a *menu* for your dinner, so have we prepared specimen holidays for your selection. We offer you sea and spa, lake and loch, mountain and moor, river and road. We have confined ourselves to neither district nor country, and we have carefully avoided the making of invidious comparisons between home and foreign resorts. All have their charms; all have their claims to the holiday-maker's attention. It is for him to choose between them.

Reasonable terms—and others

As a rule, the chief difficulty that confronts him who would make holiday is the eternal one of expense. As everyone will still insist upon taking the annual rest in August, hotels, villas, and rooms are, of necessity, far dearer than they would be were the holidays to be spread over a longer period. As it is there are few "summer resorts" that have more than six weeks in which to pay a year's expenses and leave a margin of profit. Some places have even less time than that; for instance, Deauville, whose real season lasts little longer than a fortnight! But there are still plenty of places left in the world where those who cater for the summer visitor are content with a modest return, and if only the holiday choice be made long enough ahead there are few resorts at which reasonable terms are not to be had.



JULY

is the month for

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP.

Other months when it is especially good are :—

August, September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May and June.

Holidays at Home

The English Lakes

How many of us, one wonders, have "done" the lakes of Switzerland who have never taken the trouble to explore their own "inland seas." At one time it was more or less the "right thing to do" to decry home scenery, to compare it unfavourably with that of abroad, to make long and tiring journeys in search of holidays that would be just as well spent within easy reach of home—to neglect, in fact, one of the world's chief beauty spots for no better reason than because it was scarcely "in the fashion." But, thanks to judicious advertising, the holiday world sneers no longer at what England has to offer. In fact, it neglects the beauties neither of this country nor of others. It wants to see all that is best—everywhere. Still, there are many to this day who know the Lakes of Geneva and Lucerne from one end to the other who are entirely ignorant of the beauties of Windermere and Coniston. Yet, in their own particular way, the lakes of England are just as lovely as those of the Swiss Republic. They are surrounded by scenery less grandiose, of course. We have nothing to vie with the mountains of Switzerland, to begin with. But for sheer beauty — peaceful "English" beauty—there is nothing in the world to beat the district served by the Furness Railway, which has done so much to make it popular.

Apart from its undeniable beauty, the English lake district has the advantage of being particularly get-at-able. A good way to explore it is to make one of the many tours offered to the traveller by train, steamer, and road. No less than twenty of such tours are mapped out by the Furness Railway. Not that the English lake district is necessarily one to be rushed through. In fact, if anything it really offers less attraction to the energetic tourist than to him or her who badly needs a thorough rest

THE BOATING STAGE

At Hythe, on the Hythe Canal. One of the Cinque Ports, Hythe is now a quaint old town, some three miles from the coast, owing to the sea having receded from it. It is reached by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway

"In the Path of the Sun"

It is along "The Path of the Sun" that the London and South-Western Railway expresses its wish to lead us, and many will follow with pleasurable obedience. For this line has indeed a positive plethora of beauty spots "on offer." Nearest to London we have Bournemouth, Swanage, Southsea, the Isle of Wight, and Sidmouth among other places to pick from; while, if we would go further a-field, there are Ilfracombe, Lynton, Westward Ho! Bude, Tintagel, etc., etc. Then, if it be in the country and not at the seaside that we would rest, there are the glades of the New Forest, the dales of Dorset and Somerset, and the wilds of Dartmoor to tempt us. What delightful holiday prospects these very names hold out! And how well the precious two, three, or four weeks of leisure can be passed in the places served by this line! A holiday spent, say, half in the country, to begin with, and half at the seaside, to finish, could scarcely fail to prove delightful, interesting, and refreshing. We should be inclined to advise a mixture of Cornwall, the Isle of Wight, and the New Forest as a capital holiday specific. A week at Bude, with its splendid 18-hole golf course and its wonderfully bracing air; a week at Sandown, with its capital bathing and its comfortable Ocean Hotel, and a third week in the still unspoiled New Forest — what a delicious holiday programme! Then, Sidmouth is a delightful place, with Riviera-like colouring, lovely walks, good bathing, and sands for the children. Lulworth Cove is one of the quietest, prettiest little bays on whose

SIDMOUTH, FROM JUBILEE FLAGSTAFF

On the coast of "glorious Devon," Sidmouth is every year becoming better known as a quiet summer retreat, where the sun shines on most days and bathing is delightful. The London and South-Western Railway run an excellent service of trains to Sidmouth, and by their route the journey takes little over four hours

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

shores we have ever had a real rest, and its lobsters are worthy of remembrance. Budleigh Salterton, despite its now famous links, is a charming place that has by no means lost all its old-world charm. Bournemouth and Swanage are too well known to need description The beauties of Lynton and of Boscastle are world-famous. But we must leave the choice with the reader.

The Kentish Coast

Folkestone and Dover, Ramsgate and Deal, Broadstairs and Birchington, Margate and Herne Bay—what jolly—above all, what healthy—holidays these names conjure up! And what handy holiday places, too—thanks to the excellent services planned by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, which serves them all. Moreover, each place in the long list of Kentish coast resorts offers its special attractions. Dover has its busy harbour, its lovely cliff walks, and its gay pier to attract, to say nothing of the little trip to the other side that it offers; Deal spells golf, with a very big G, and suggests some of the best sea-fishing on the coast of England; Folkestone stands to a large extent for fashion, with its smart Leas, its palace hotels, its race-course, and Shorncliffe Camp lying so near it. "Merry" is the adjective specially allotted to Margate, and it is well deserved, for a merrier seaside place the world does not contain; while neighbouring Ramsgate vies with it for gaiety, though of a more sober order Broadstairs spells comparative quiet, and, like Margate, boasts a most comfortable Gordon Hotel; while a still quieter spot is little Birchington-on-Sea, with livelier Westgate lying close at hand. All these places boast some of the finest air to be breathed the world over; while another of their attractions to many is their extreme handiness for town. In these busy days it is not everyone who can take a "complete" holiday; so that for *paterfamilias* to plant his family within an hour and a-half of town is—for him, at any rate—often a wise precaution. There are no end of other places on this line to be considered by the intending holiday-maker. Herne Bay and Hythe, Whitstable and St. Margaret's Bay, are other coast resorts worthy of consideration; while inland there are Canterbury, Tunbridge Wells, and Sittingbourne, as well as hosts of little villages "off the beaten track," yet in the "Garden of England," that well deserve exploration. There is also good river fishing still to be had in Kent—though, of course, most of the best trout streams are strictly preserved; but the Medway, for instance, offers capital sport to the coarse fisherman.

AT SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT

The Ocean Hotel, overlooking the beach and bathing-place

A Lovely Scotch Journey

When the City man decides upon a holiday he is apt to set his mind solely upon the objective of his journey, but it should not be forgotten that a vast deal of pleasure is often to be got from the actual journey itself. For instance, prospective holiday-makers

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WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

At the Foot of the Trossachs

BEN LEDI

And the River Teith near Callander, whither there is an excellent train service from Glasgow by the Caledonian Railway

may well be reminded of the attractions of what is assuredly the loveliest of railway routes in that country—the famous West-Coast route of the London and North-Western and Caledonian Railway Companies, and particularly the stretch of it between Stirling and Oban. Stirling itself, with its castled crag, hoary with the memories of a thousand years, stands as a sort of sentinel guarding the mystic and mysterious passes of the northern hills. It is the country of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," which is first entered upon beyond Stirling, but one is inclined to forget its associations in the mere charm of the scenery, as the railway line runs under the great mountain wall of the Highlands themselves. Here, on the sunny braes, just under the western end of the Ochil Hills, lies the famous little spa of Bridge of Allan—as charming a "garden city" on its terraced and wooded slopes as any dreamed of by our modern builders and idealists.

The Gateway of the Highlands

Four miles further on, the quaint little old cathedral city of Dunblane comes before the traveller's eye, for all the world like some little town on the Rhine. But it is at Callander that the traveller really enters the gateway of the Highlands. Away to the left lies the famous Trossachs region, and high in front Ben Ledi, the Hill of God of the ancient Pagan worship, seems to guard the mountain gate. Beyond these the railway ascends the wooded Pass of Leny, with the river brawling in waterfalls by its side, till suddenly the silver reaches of Loch Lubnaig open out upon the view. Along the winding shores of the loch the train makes its way, with no life in sight except, perhaps, a fisherman in his boat.

The Macgregor Country

A mile above the loch comes Strathyre village, gay with flowers, and two miles farther, at Kingshouse, a vista is got away to the westward of the braes of Balquhidder, enshrined in song, where Rob Roy sleeps, and Loch Voil shimmers in the sunshine. A couple of miles farther, and the line passes the dwelling of the Macgregor, and fort with, to the eastward, opens the silver lane of Loch Earn.

Loch Tay and Killin

Passing high along the mountainside, the railway turns westward, and climbs for four miles along the rock-strewn side of Glen Ogle. As the train reaches the head of the pass a new vista comes into sight beyond the famous Glen Dochart, heart of the wild and beautiful Breadalbane country. A little branch line here runs down to the Highland village of Killin and the legend-haunted shores of Loch Tay, but the main Oban line holds away westward to the fairylike shores of lovely Loch Awe.

AT SOUTHEND

A general view of the Pier and the Palace Hotel

Away to Oban

A loch steamer plies away down the reaches of Loch Awe to Port Sonachan and Ford, but the railway line winds round the buttresses of Ben Cruachan, through the wild recesses of the Pass of Brander to the beautiful shore of Loch Ericht at Taynuilt, one of the most famous beauty spots in Scotland. For some miles the railway itself treads along these shores; then it turns inland, and, descending the beautiful Glen Cruitten, or Valley of the Knolls, the traveller finds himself in sight of the green isles of the Hebrides on beautiful Oban Bay.

A Word for Southend

Those to whom the accessibility of their holiday home to "town" is

PROGRESSIVE PICTURES

showing the advantages of one Innovation Trunk as against several pieces of cumbersome luggage

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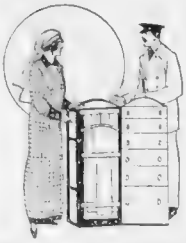

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WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

Holidays on the South and East Coasts

of first importance should make a note of Southend-on-Sea when deciding upon how they are going to spend the precious period of rest, for Southend is within but an hour's journey of London. Unlike most places, it was not the more "fashionable" class of visitor who

WATCHING THE BREAKERS

At Seaford, Sussex, the charming sea-side town on the London Brighton and South Coast line

necessarily discovered Southend, but of later years it has grown enormously in favour with those whom some still persist in calling "the best people." The increasing favour in which Southend is held is due largely, of course, to its wonderful air, its splendid pier-promenade, and the fine views from its front, and not a little to its Palace Hotel, whose comfort and luxury make it deserve its title. The Palace ranks among the best hotels on the coast of England and can be safely recommended for a long or short stay.

BRIXHAM HARBOUR

On the Devon Coast: Brixham is noted for its fishing, and some of the smacks are seen in the photograph. The Great Western Railway has an excellent service of trains to Brixham

THE BEACH AT GORLESTON

Adjoining Great Yarmouth, and about eight miles north of Lowestoft. Gorleston is an ideal place for those who like the bracing East Coast climate, and prefer a quiet holiday resort. Gorleston is best reached from town by the Great Eastern Railway

"The Call of the East"

It is not only the intending holiday-maker who will grow bewildered if he decides to devote his spare weeks to the East Coast. We—with every information at hand, but with limited space at our command—are puzzled as to how to make a selection among the many resorts that the Great Eastern Railway has made so easy of access. At one time—and not so very long ago as all that—the East Coast could be quickly summed up. To-day, it would take pages to do it adequate justice. Let us pick, though, as best we can. The names that leap at once to the memory when the East Coast is mentioned are Cromer, Felixstowe, Southwold, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, and Yarmouth. Of these, the most "select"—to use an odious word—are the first three. Cromer has, indeed, come on fast since the days when the charms of "Poppy-land" were first vaunted; but, though its growth has been so great and so rapid, it is quite unspoiled, and still offers that exquisite combination of sea cliff, and country that first brought it popularity. Moreover, the doctors still unanimously agree that, for a real "tonic holiday" there is no place in the world to beat it. Felixstowe is another delightful little place that has grown apace. Thanks to the Great Eastern Railway, it is now within less than two hours of town—a fact to which its present great popularity is largely due. Yet another charming spot is Southwold, with its miles of beach, its "miniature Switzerland" as a background, the picturesque Druid-like country round about Walberswick near by. Other East-Coast places to be noted are Dovercourt, Frinton-on-Sea, Gorleston, Aldeburgh, Mundesley, and Sheringham, all of which offer sufficient attractions to make a pleasant holiday. And then there are the ever-fascinating Broads, ideal for a quiet and restful cruise, which offer perhaps the most delightful holiday of all.

On the Brighton Line

Quite a bewildering choice of holiday places is offered by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, both at home and abroad (with some of the latter we deal elsewhere). Brighton, of course, still "queens" it among English seaside places, for Brighton must ever remain London-by-the-Sea, while the place would be bold indeed that would attempt to emulate its programme of attractions, its palace hotels, and its

KEEP WELL ALL SUMMER

When hot weather is followed by a poor appetite, impaired digestion, impure blood, skin eruptions, and feverish conditions of the system, TAKE

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the approved remedy for driving out disease germs. Its action is quick and thorough. It clears the intestines, rouses the torpid liver to new life, stimulates the mucous membrane to a healthy action, and cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive tract.

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It may be safely taken at any time by old or young. It is very effective in the early stage of Diarrhœa, by removing the irritating cause. Be prepared for emergencies by keeping a bottle in the house, and in your bag when travelling.

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WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

wonderful "front." Eastbourne competes with it in attractiveness of a quieter sort; while Hastings and St. Leonards vie with both from the point of view of beauty and picturesqueness. Then little Bognor, famous for its prawns, is a special favourite with children on account of its splendid, fine sands, which are washed clean twice every twenty-four hours, the sea at high tide coming right up to the Parade. Worthing is another place to be thought of by the holiday-maker, with its splendid links and its particularly safe bathing, while Southsea and Portsmouth are such household words as to need no description here. Last, but by no means least, of the delightful places served by the London and Brighton is Bexhill-on-Sea, whose enterprise and natural advantages have placed it in the forefront of British seaside resorts. Here, again, one can get the best of bathing and golf, and the cleanliness of the town is almost proverbial. Bexhill is favoured by two lines, a fact which makes it peculiarly accessible, and its rapid growth is the best testimony to its ever-increasing popularity.

EN ROUTE FOR THE ISLE OF MAN
"The Manxman," one of the Midland Railway's boats on their Heysham to the Isle of Man service

All Sorts and Conditions

It is certainly no exaggeration to say that the Great Western Railway offers practically every imaginable kind of holiday. By this route one has a choice between the uplands of Malvern, North Wales, Exmoor, and Dartmoor, the valleys of the Thames, the Avon, the Wye, the Severn, and the Dee, the historical interest and beauty of Chester, Oxford, Bath, and Stratford-on-Avon, and the comparatively little-known charms of Thomas Hardy's "Wessex," the Cornish and South Devon "Rivieras," which, unlike those of France and Italy, while deliciously mild in winter, are by no means too warm during the summer months, and the health and pleasure resorts of Kerry, Limerick, and Waterford and the manifold beauties of West Wales. We were almost forgetting the attractions of the Channel Islands, so easily reached by an excellent service of boats from Weymouth, and where one can still find many a lovely nook in which to spend the quietest and laziest of holidays. Jersey considerably appeals to the bather, thanks to its specially constructed pools, by which the swimmer is left independent of the tide. A capital boat service is available between Jersey and Granville, which proudly calls itself "the Monte Carlo of the North."

Midland Spas and the Isle of Man

The Midland Line, which traverses the centre of England from Bournemouth in the South to Carlisle in the North, and from Morecambe and Heysham on the West Coast, to Southend-on-Sea on the East Coast, provides a direct through route to nearly all the principal holiday districts, with the exception of Wales and the far Cornish Coast. It is the only company which provides a through service of its own to the Isle of Man, and Belfast and the North of Ireland. Both the East and West Coasts of Scotland are directly served by Midland through trains. During the summer months, July, August, and September, a special service to Scotland is run from St. Pancras only at 11.50 a.m., which stops at no station on this side of the border. To Ilkley, Harrogate, and the other inland Yorkshire spas there are through services from London and other towns.

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No. 10.—Round the Langdales and Dungeon Ghyll Tour, via Ambleside, Colwith Force, Grasmere, and Rydal.
No. 13.—Five Lakes Circular Tour, viz. Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, Thirlmere, and Derwentwater.
No. 14.—Wastwater Tour, via Seascale and Gosforth (Churchyard Cross, A.D. 680).
No. 15.—Six Lakes Circular Tour, viz. Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, Thirlmere, Derwentwater, and Ullswater.
No. 16.—Duddon Valley Tour, via Broughton-in-Furness, Ulpha, and Seathwaite.
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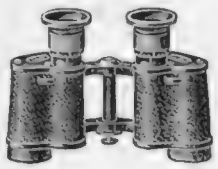

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WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

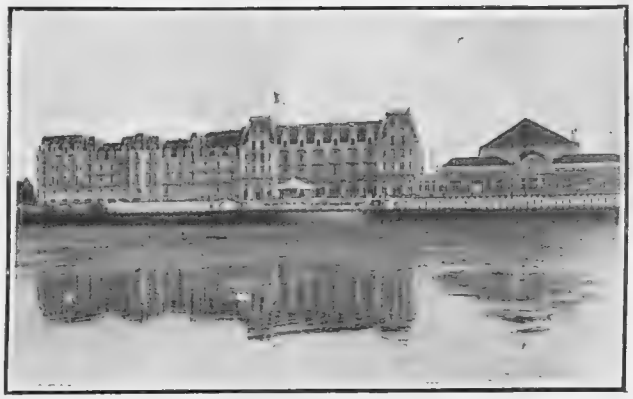
Holidays on the Continent

CABOURG GOLF LINKS

Which were constructed entirely by British workmen to the plans of Mr. Colt, the well-known English golf links architect. On the right is a photograph of one of the greens

About Cabourg

One wonders why Cabourg is not a greater favourite with the Anglo-Saxon. The French love it and flock to it in ever-increasing numbers; but, so far, the Britisher, while he has by no means neglected it altogether, has never yet taken it completely under his wing. Yet Cabourg possesses all those advantages that should make it a prime favourite with the Englishman. It is very accessible from London *via* Havre or Paris, it is only four miles from Deauville, its sands and bathing are perfect, it boasts one of the best golf courses in France, its *casino* is essentially "smart," while some of the best artistes in France are to be seen and heard on its boards, and it has in the Grand Hotel one of the finest and best-managed establishments of any seaside place in the world. Both the Grand Hotel and the *casino* are under the management of Mr. Henry Ruhl, who has spared nothing to make them second to none in France. It is Mr. Ruhl, too, who is largely responsible for the now perfect state of the links.



THE PLAGE, CABOURG

Showing the Grand Hotel, one of Mr. Henry Ruhl's many enterprises

Not too Smart

Cabourg is essentially *chic* without being too much so. You will see no end of smart women and pretty frocks on its front; the theatre and *baccara* room of the *casino* are filled every night with an essentially Parisian crowd—but Cabourg is never overwhelmingly *chic*. It is the happiest of combinations of the "fashionable" seaside place with the family *plage*.

Not Extortionate

Cabourg is not a "cheap place,"—but then, it is not an extortionate one. It offers no end of attractions, and it asks the visitor to pay a reasonable price for them. Even in the very height of the season the charges come nowhere near those of Deauville, near by, where, last summer, we are told, people were paying as much as £4 per night for a bedroom—and a small one at that.

MOONLIGHT ON GENEVA

A view of Evian-les-Bains on the French shore of Lake Geneva, where one of the most delightful "cures" is to be obtained after the strain and stress of a London Season. There are two "Palace" Hotels in the town, excellent in every way, under the well-known Ritz-Carlton management

The Cabourg Links

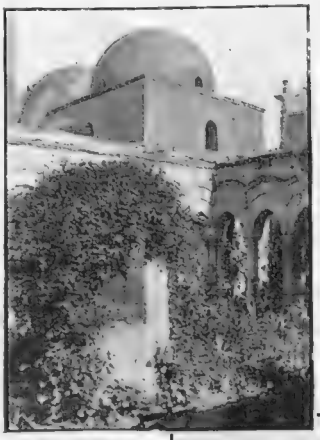
Cabourg's chief pride, perhaps, lies in its golf course. Mr. Ruhl, not satisfied with having "a good course," determined to make Cabourg take a lead in golf matters, and with this object in view got over a regiment of English workmen last winter, who performed wonders under the direction of the famous golf architect, Mr. Colt, who has been responsible for so many excellent courses. This year's visitor will find the links greatly changed and enormously improved. They have been so enlarged as to take in several sand dunes, which form, of course, the very best of natural obstacles; the putting greens have been put into perfect order, and the whole course now affords as good a test of real golf as the most *difficile* of enthusiasts could demand.

Dieppe and its Leading Hotel

The week before last THE BYSTANDER published a

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (concluded)

long article on the advantages of Dieppe as a seaside resort, which, despite its being within but five hours of London, still retains all its French characteristics. Dieppe offers every sort of accommodation to the visitor, its leading hotel being the Royal, belonging to the famous Gordon Company, which stands in the best position on the front, and commands magnificent sea views. It may be said of the Royal that it is just what a perfect, modern hotel should be—extremely comfortable with a kitchen that will bear comparison with the most famous and a management that thoroughly understands an Englishman's wants.



A Pleasant "Cure"

All "cures" are by no means necessarily pleasant; some are excessively disagreeable. The fact, however, that a water tastes extremely nasty or that a peculiarly severe *régime* is imposed does not of necessity prove that the "cure" is of special efficacy. For instance, the famous waters of Evian-les-Bains, on the French shore of the Lake of Geneva, have nothing displeasing about them, yet there are none more efficacious in keeping one fit and destroying the ill-effects of modern civilisation. Apart from its wonderful cure, Evian is a delightful place to stay at, and owns two perfect hotels in the Splendide and the Royal, which are under the same direction as the Ritz and Carlton, of London.

A Cruising Holiday

Those whose holidays fall in September, and who want to see as much of the world as possible in a short space of time, could not do better than take advantage of the cruise organised by the P. and O., who are sending out that splendid 11,500-ton ship, *Mantua*, on a twenty-seven days' trip which should prove quite ideal. This cruise will include visits to Gibraltar, Corfu, Cattaro, Gravosa, Venice, Palermo, Algiers and Lisbon among other places. Three days will be spent at Venice at a time when that city is at its best. Over 6,000 miles, from London and back to London, will be covered by the *Mantua*, and the trip can be made for as little as twenty-five guineas.

And Another

The Yeoward Line offers another fascinating cruise to him who would spend most of his holiday at sea. On this trip, which lasts twenty-three days, and for which the return fare (available for one year) is only £14 14*s.*, the traveller visits Lisbon, Madeira, Las Palmas, Santa Cruz, Orotava, and other towns while the Company arranges wonderfully cheap excursions from the principal places touched at. The ships of the Yeoward Line are famous for their comfort, and start weekly on this charming tour from July 12 to September 13.

THE TRAVELLER

SICILIAN AND VENETIAN MONUMENTS

The first picture shows the famous cloisters of the church of San Giovanni, Palermo, and beneath is seen a photograph of the historic Lion of St. Mark, Venice

YOUR HOLIDAYS IN NORTH WALES

TRAVEL VIA L. & N.W. RLY.

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EVERY facility is given to the holiday maker to enjoy the wonderful and far-famed beauties of North Wales, with its rugged and mountainous scenery. The delightful sea-breezes from the Atlantic, coupled with the delicious mountain air, make the North Wales coast an ideal holiday ground. Before deciding on your plans for the summer vacation, ask at any L. and N.W. Station or Town Office for free illustrated booklet, entitled, "Holidays in North Wales." A copy may also be obtained, postage 1*d.*, from the Enquiry Office, L. and N.W. Railway, Euston Station, London, N.W.

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JAMES WATT

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A Heartbreaking Reminder

SHE (romantic): "Don't you love to be on the rocks when the breakers come in?"
HE: "No! It reminds me too much of being on the rocks when the brokers are coming in"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

NORWAY and its Lakes and Fiords

A TYPICAL NATIVE CHILD

SEVEN SISTER'S FALLS, GEIRANGER

FOR the purpose of giving information to all intending travellers to Norway, a Norway Travel Bureau (Dept. 2) has been opened at 179, Strand, W.C., where through tickets in connection with the G.N. Railway to Hull and Newcastle can be obtained, also tickets by steamers and on the Norwegian State Railways. There is no more delightful holiday than a cruise in the beautiful western fiords or a sportsman's holiday at one of the numerous summer resorts

APPROACH TO LOEN LAKE

Photographs *Photochrom Co.*

ODDE VALLEY

At all Social Functions

Where a light refreshing beverage is required, it is fast becoming the fashion to drink "Whiteway's Cyder." Members of the Royal Family, and the Aristocracy of the country have shown their appreciation of this delicious English wine in no uncertain manner. Read through the list of notable people whom we have had the honour of supplying with "Whiteway's Cyder"—and you must realise that they choose it not only because of its economy, but because it is a better, more delicious, more healthful, more invigorating drink than an ordinary champagne, hock, or similar wine.

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It is becoming generally recognised that "Whiteway's" is altogether different and superior to the ordinary Cyder one has been accustomed to drink. "Whiteway's" is not made of apple and half-a-dozen chemicals, but is the juice of apples only. The fruit is selected with care, and purity is safeguarded throughout its production. "Whiteway's Cyder" is not a new, raw wine, not a doctored wine, but a clean, well-matured beverage, guaranteed free from adulterants and preservatives.

The highest medical authorities have set their seal of approval on "Whiteway's Cyder" as a beverage, and recommend it especially in the case of gout, rheumatism and similar troubles when malt and grape liquors are injurious. For sufferers from these complaints we have produced a special Cyder under the name of "Woodbine Blend." The Institute of Hygiene, of which Sir William Bennett, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S., is Chairman, have reported on "Whiteway's Woodbine Blend Cyder" in the following terms:—"It is a beverage most beneficial in cases where there is uric-acid trouble or any of its kindred complaints. It is a dry Cyder, clean and pleasant to the palate, and wholesome in every respect."

It is not yet generally understood that there are different types of "Whiteway's Cyder." This fact is important, because everyone can obtain a "Whiteway's Cyder" to suit their individual taste. "Whiteway's Cyder" is made sweet, medium sweet, dry, medium dry—is obtainable sparkling or still—in bottle and cask. It is supplied by leading Wine Merchants, Stores, and Licensed Grocers, and can also be obtained from the Savoy, Cecil, and other leading Hotels and Restaurants throughout the country.

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A Wonderful Wimbledon

THE CHALLENGE MATCH FOR THE DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP

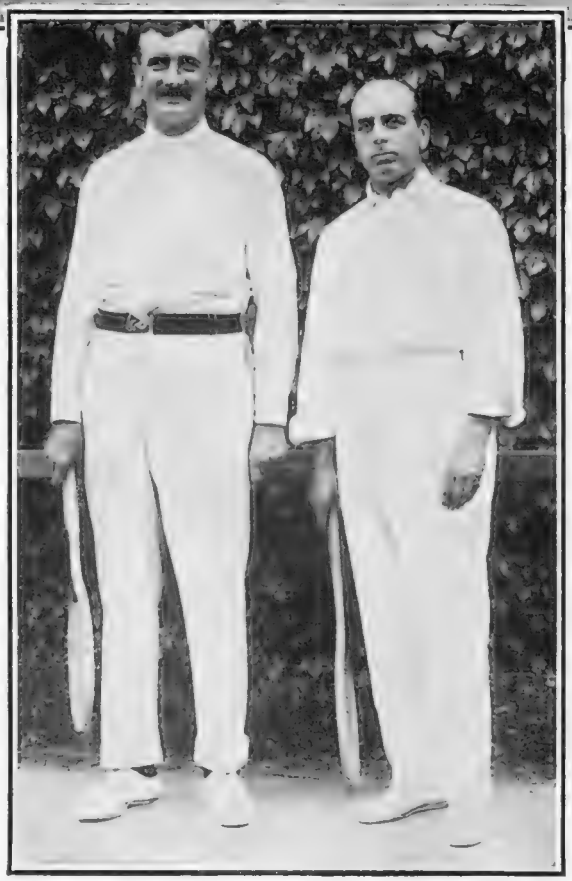
Somewhat unexpectedly, H. Roper Barrett and C. P. Dixon (the holders) retained the Doubles Championship for England against their challengers, the German pair, F. W. Rahe and H. Kleinschroth. Our illustration shows Barrett making a smash

Wilding's Great Win

We have had to wait several years for a really great match in the challenge round of the Singles Championship, but we have got it at last. The biggest crowd that has ever congregated at Wimbledon came to see—or to try and see—Wilding play McLoughlin, and they saw—or missed seeing, as the case may be—one of the biggest things that the game has ever produced. Most people expected McLoughlin to win, for how was Wilding going to combat that demoniacal service, and that deadly volleying and smashing? Well, he did it, but only by a display of all-round excellence which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. His tactics all through were invariably sound, and he carried them out with courage and success. Three things contributed mainly to his victory. First of all he had the right "answer" to McLoughlin's service; he did not try to drive past or through him so much as to put the ball back in such a way that his advancing adversary would have to half-volley it or else volley it low down with an upward hit, and McLoughlin is not nearly so good on the low volleys as he is on those which are net-high—even when one allows for the fact that the latter are far easier shots. Secondly, Wilding realised the importance of attacking McLoughlin's backhand, which is relatively weak and unreliable, and, in this way, of keeping him away from the net until he could get there himself. Lastly, he was splendidly fit, so that up to the very end of the match there was nothing in the way of physical disability to prevent him from making the strokes he intended to make.

McLoughlin the Brave

McLoughlin put up a splendid fight; his courage was as great as Wilding's, and he stuck to his attacking game like a boxer upon whom a knock-down blow only has the effect of making him jump up and go for his man harder than ever. Whether the score was forty-love or love-forty, he blazed away with the same grim determination, taking the risks which his game involves with a confidence unshaken by occasional, and at times very costly, failures. When for the first time since his match with Barrett on the opening day he found that he was opposed by a man who could withstand the ferocity of his attack he never wavered, and when in the third set defeat came obtrusively imminent he took every ounce out of himself in trying to avert it. He was only beaten because he met a man without a single weak spot in his armour. It was a repetition of the case of a man who is superlatively good in about three departments of the game being beaten by one who is consistently good in all of them. H. S. S.



Photograph *Sport and General*

C. P. DIXON AND H. ROPER BARRETT

Winners of the World's Doubles Championship. The challenge match suffered by comparison with the single which preceded it, and was not a great one, for the challengers, usually so brilliant, quite failed to reproduce the form which had carried them through to the final

(*Photographs relating to the match appear on page 57*)

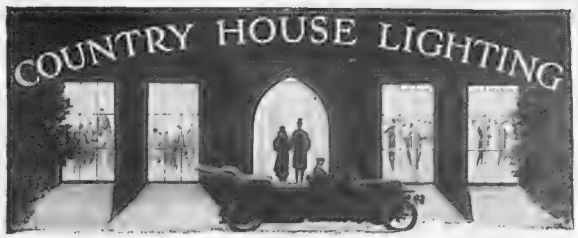
A Remedy for Indigestion

(By the Editor of "Health News")

Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Fermentative Dyspepsia, and Gastric Catarrh are recommended to try the following prescription: Bismuth Subnitrate (2 grains), Dried Carbonate of Soda (2 grains), Gingerine (⅛ grain), in one pill. This prescription possesses Carminative, Antacid, and Healing Powers, and does not purge the bowels. Avoid fried and starchy foods for a few days, take two pills ten minutes before each meal, and you will soon have relief. A box containing 36 may be obtained post free for 6*d.* from Mr. William Shadforth, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. B1), 63, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.

Warm Weather Nerve Tonics

Don't fall to pieces in warm weather. All you need is a pill containing the following: Nux vomica extract (¼ grain); iron and quinine citrate (2 grains); gentian extract (2 grains). Take one pill after each meal, and you will be full of new life in two days Thirty-six pills cost 9*d.* If you suffer from mental depression and nervous debility try this instead: Phosphorus (1-100th grain); nux vomica extract, (¼ grain); damiana extract (2 grains); pure ovo lecithin (1 grain). In one pill. Take one or two pills after each meal. This formula acts like magic. Thirty-six pills cost 1*s.* 6*d.* You can obtain the above pills, post free, at the prices named, from Mr. William Shadforth, Pharmaceutical Chemist, (Dept. B 2), 63, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.



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THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.—II.

Vardon Third

VARDON who finished equal third with the young Irish champion, Moran, also struck me as overplayed. He has been in as much demand as both Ray and Duncan, and it is quite clear that this life of rushing up and down the country to give an unending succession of exhibition matches must be a tremendous tax on the physical and nervous system of the most robust and equable player. Duncan's case need not be recalled, as everyone felt the deepest sympathy for a great player in a cruel situation. But I fancy that if Vardon had had a good rest during the last two months he would not have been nine strokes behind his famous old adversary, the present champion.

Bad Putting

His failure was attributed by many to his putting. He has deliberately and, no doubt, after prolonged experiments with other methods, adopted a style of short putting which offends the eye of those accustomed to free and graceful handling of the putter. But I saw absolutely no difference in his putting this year from that with, or in spite of, which he won in 1911 and nearly won last year. The truth is that when Vardon misses a short putt everyone cries out in derision while a more free and graceful putter receives sympathy from the crowd when a short one goes astray. No, from what I saw of his game it was not so much his putting as his long game and his long approaches where his usual accuracy was wanting. If a reckoning could be kept, I expect it would be found that he holed and missed in about the same ratio within the 6-foot radius as either of his great adversaries. I have seen too many rounds when those short digs of his were going down with unfailing accuracy to doubt that, however hideous the method may be, it pays him best in the end, and that no criticism, whether contemptuous or friendly, will make him alter it.

A Brilliant Irish Player

Moran, who is still well on the sunny side of thirty, accomplished the best performance of his career. I am not forgetting that he has held the Irish Championship for the last four years, but this is but small potatoes (one naturally thinks of potatoes in connection with Ireland) compared to achieving the third place in such a tremendous field as foregathered at Hoylake this year. Here were American and French champions with stout compatriots to support them and the flower of the British cracks. His homeward half in his second round, taken in the marvellous figure of 33, was the best of the meeting, while on the last day, after a frightful disaster at the first hole in his morning round, he came again in the afternoon and returned a magnificent 74, the best score of the day. I have always had the greatest admiration for this player ever since I first watched him play some years ago in a championship at St. Andrews, and I have a great belief that he will yet achieve the supreme place.

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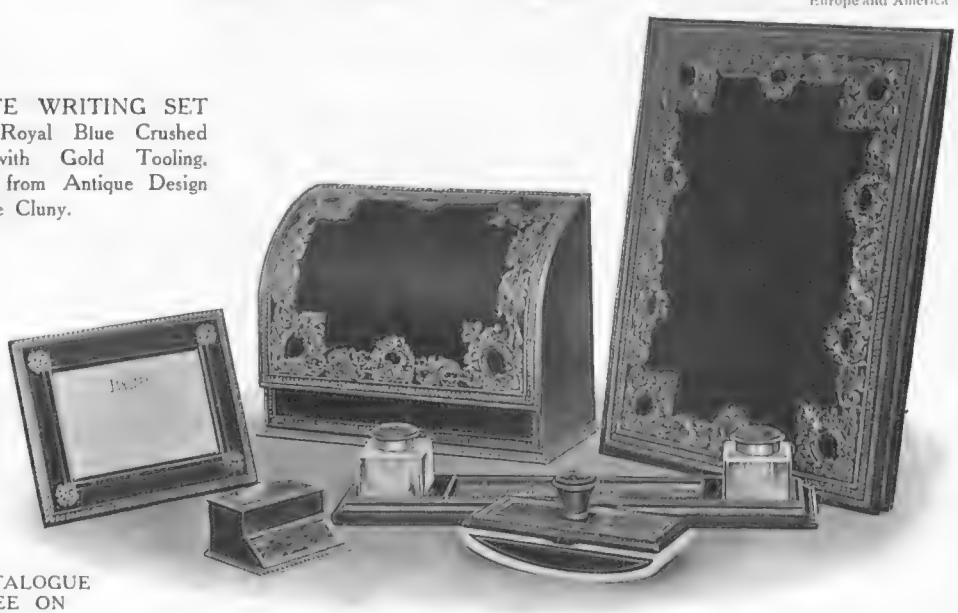

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2 MILES FROM THE COUNTY TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, the above old-fashioned HOUSE, standing in a good position, 300ft. above sea level, with South aspect. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices; electric light; Company's water; stabling; cottage; the gardens are very pretty, and include large tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard, in all about 4½ acres; hunting, polo, golf.—For particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,065)

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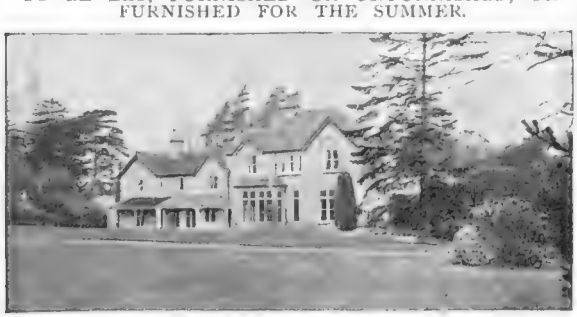

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STABLING, GARAGE, 2 COTTAGES AND FARM-BUILDINGS.

The pleasure grounds contain a quantity of ornamental forest timber and slope to the river; there are tennis and croquet lawns, large rock garden sloping to the lake, which comprises about 2 acres, walled kitchen garden and greenhouses, the remainder of the Property being rich feeding land, in all about 18 ACRES. To be OFFERED, by AUCTION, on JULY 15 next, at the Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, W.—Solicitors, Messrs. PHILLIPS, EVANS and Co., Stamford; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

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are in perfect harmony with the charming surroundings; they are replete with endless variety, and delightfully diversified with wood and water. There are fine lawns for tennis and croquet; flower, rock and rose gardens in profusion; shaped yew-hedges; vegetable and fruit gardens, whilst bordering the streams which intersect the Property are many varieties of water-loving plants. Included with the Property are glasshouses, very fine summer-house, beautiful brick-built pergola, rustic bridge, island, and there is also a well-constructed fives court. The approach to the Residence is by a well-made carriage drive through beautiful fir and pine woods, and having a total length of about ¾ mile. The total area of the Estate is about 29 acres; it is Freehold, and the following important centres, Farnham, Aldershot, Godalming and Guildford are distant respectively about 6, 8, 10 and 14 miles.—Illustrated particulars, plan and conditions of Sale may be obtained from Messrs. TATHAM and PROCTER, Solicitors, 36, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.; or Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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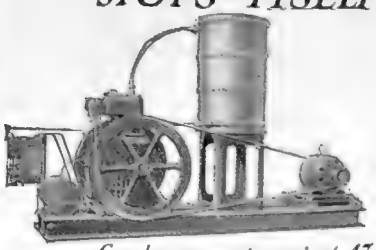

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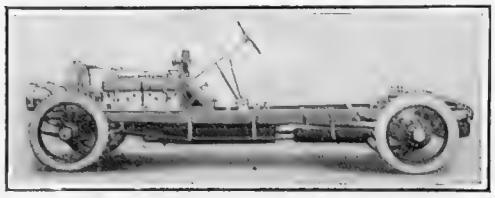

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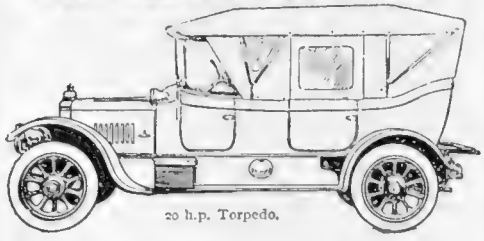

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15-h.p. TALBOT FIRST ON FORMULA, winning President's Cup.

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15-h.p. TALBOT FIRST and FASTEST, winning Club Cup.

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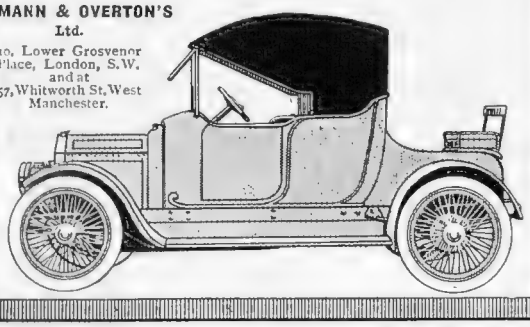

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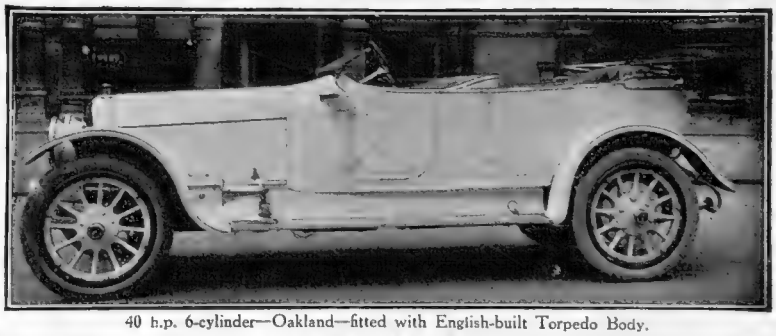

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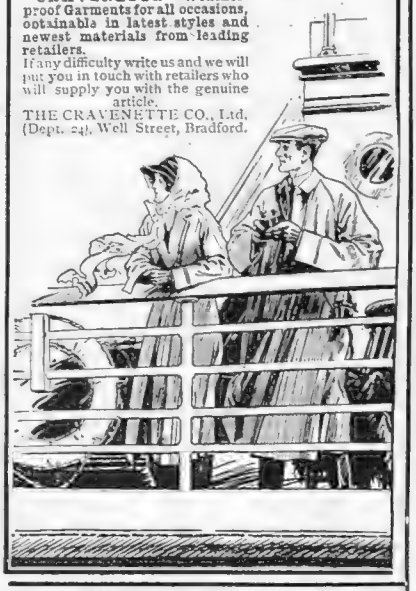

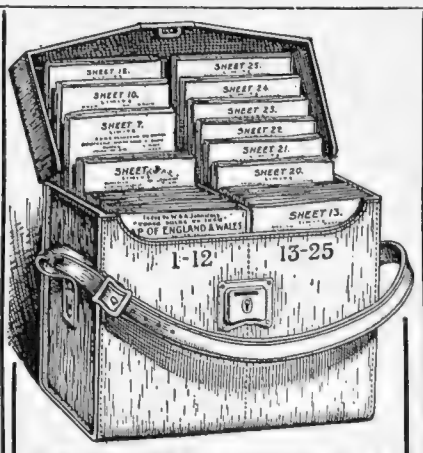

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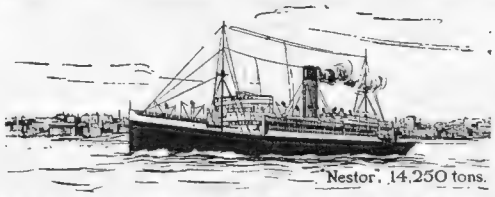

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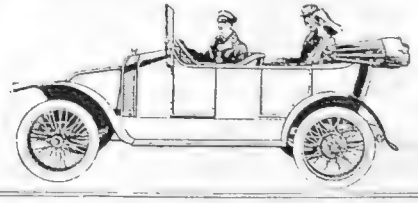

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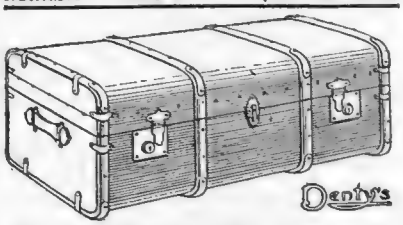

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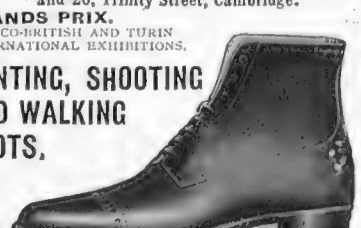

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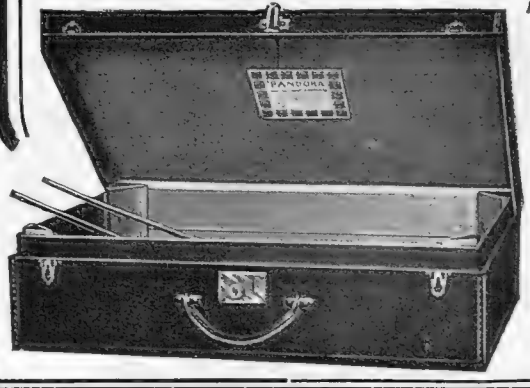

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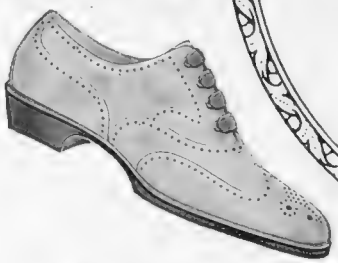

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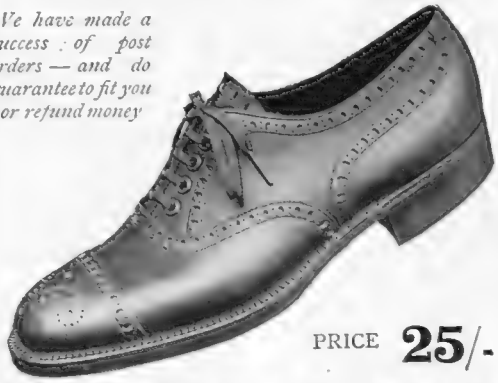

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Special measures, 2/6 extra.

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SPANISH GRAND PRIX for fully equipped touring cars over a tortuous, and dangerous course of 193 miles

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In considering the awards, SPEED ON HILLS, SPEED ON THE LEVEL and PETROL CONSUMPTION were taken into consideration.

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PETROL CONSUMPTION, 19 M.P.G.

WINNER OF 1st PRIZE FOR PLACE. 3rd PRIZE FOR PLACE. PRIZE FOR FASTEST LAP PRIZE FOR BEST ALL-ROUND PERFORMANCE.

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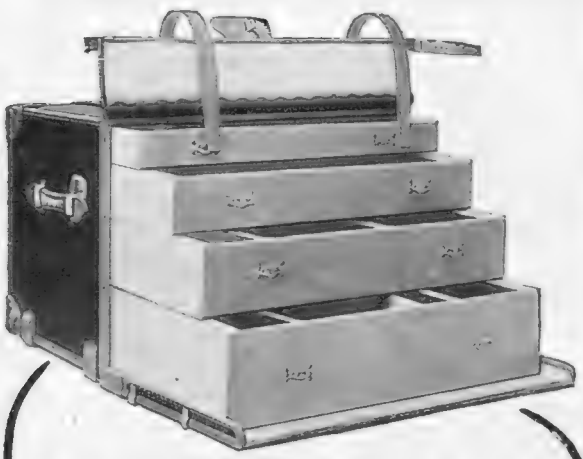

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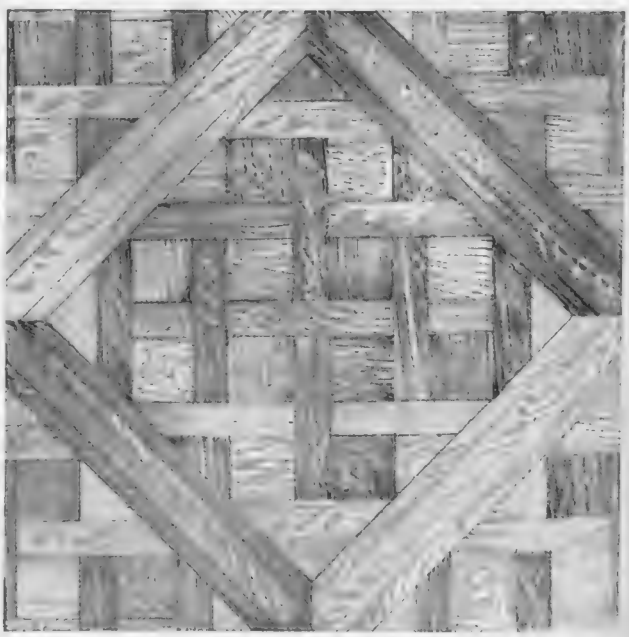

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By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

THE DAIMLER IN HOLLAND

A 38 h.-p. model ch perones five Dutch ladies in native costume

Holiday Touring

WE must assume the car; because motor-touring without one will not be very satisfactory. Whatever car it is, first see that it is in good fettle. Make as sure as you can that, mechanically, it is without serious reproach. There's nothing that will bring your grey hairs in sorrow to the train so efficiently as mechanical trouble on a holiday tour that should properly be a long-drawn joy-ride. There's no need to let the possibility of mishap worry you. Fortunately, serious mechanical trouble is rare in the modern automobile; but if on recent journeys unfamiliar knocks and creaks have occasionally manifested themselves, better make sure of their origin. See to the brakes (very important), the grease cups, the plugs, the lighting outfit. Shortly, run all over the machine with the maker's card in your hand. For the sake of your happiness do not forget the spares—the fitted spare wheel or rim, the kit, the lubricant, the emergency can of petrol. Choose your party (if you can) with delicate discrimination. Carry necessary luggage only, and post back or send back by train (a useful institution is the train for the transportation of one's washing) all things that have served their turn. Travel as light as possible. Put money in thy purse—as much as it will carry, with a reserve sewn up somewhere "in case"—because one never knows; leave no addresses unless you must; count routine well lost and the road well found; turn the nose of the car to the hills and the sea and—tour.

SOMETHING LIKE A HILL CLIMB

Mr. R. H. Collins, on a 30 h.-p. Runabout Car built by the Buick Motor Company, climbing the hill and rocks at 188th Street, East of New York City. It is claimed that no other car has ever climbed this hill

The Road of Happiness

Where? Anywhere. The finest holiday tour is to nowhere in particular. If you have a set programme it becomes as bad an obsession as catching trains. You don't mean to let it worry you, but you end by being dominated by it. If you make a decision restrict it to the singular number. You will tour in Scotland, or Ireland (and if the coast counties of Ireland are unknown territory you have much to fall in love with), or Savoy, or the Black Forest. Very well. Cut right away to the selected district by the most direct route, and then burn all your schedules and only keep count of the days lest, peradventure, you exceed the time-limit that the conditions of your life have set. Get out in the morning and run until hunger, or bed, or a scent, or a sight, arrests you. Run anywhere, follow any lure, and where your fancy prompts, rest. Let every day be an adventure, every mile a discovery, every meal a satisfaction. Take no thought of the morrow, nor of anything save the cash in hand, and the car's reserves and replenishments. Be free—so far as freedom can be translated into experience. It's surprising how tied to the mill of routine the free man is. This sort of motoring tour will discover undreamed of liberty for him. To "take

the cash in hand and waive the rest," as the tent-maker has it—to stop at a town for no reason except that you think you would like to; to accept the invitation of a side path through a wood, lit up in patches by tree-filtered sun rays; to halt for a crack with a teamster, to give a lift to a leg-weary traveller, and go his way for the gratification of surprising him, this is real holiday touring, real recreation, real rest.

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES

Of touring in Italy—the roughness of the roads. The photograph shows a six-cylinder Armstrong-Whitworth touring car on the Appian Way

Why Not Camp?

You may even cut yourself adrift from hotels and conventions, and travel with your house on the car. You can be a self-contained nomad without hampering yourself with gipsy lumber. For a few pounds you can add to your possessions a light-weight tent and all the cookpots and sleeping bags and a stove, knives and forks and plates, an outfit so compact that its total weight is no more in pounds *avoirdupois* than the pounds cash paid for it; it can be added to the other luggage, and hardly noticed. Yet it is a storm-proof cover, and the accessories will cook you simple meals with great despatch and efficiency. You can lie snug at night and get what is, perhaps, the most wonderful and exhilarating sensations a townsman can get—a fresh and happy awakening with a sight for the eyes to rest upon through the open tent (if the position has been chosen well) that makes one glad to be alive. That method doesn't require a special constitution and temperament; you only think it does. There are hundreds of motorists doing it to-day. The idea has caught, or is catching, on. Its chief drawbacks are a certain awkwardness in the manipulation of cookpots, and the indignation of the man or the maid, if such are included among the accessories. Otherwise, in my experience, you rarely meet with anything except ready courtesy and help from the farmers of the land on which you camp. In the result you have found a tonic holiday, a healthy experience, and a real recreation. It is worth trying.

SCARBOROUGH GOLF COURSE.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinen-strasse, 110.

Vauxhall

The Car Superexcellent

The proofs that are being given of Vauxhall quality entitle it to be considered the car of the year.

Particulars were published in "The Autocar" dated June 28 of the extraordinary run of Vauxhall successes; since, the three challenge cups and the open event gold medal on handicap, offered at the Clipstone meeting, have all been won by a Vauxhall car.

The outstanding merit of Vauxhalls is that in every-day service they give a satisfaction corresponding to their great public reputation.

Have you tried what Vauxhall motoring is? Why not make an early appointment for a trial drive, and comprehend one aspect of it—the extreme comfort and roadworthiness in every sense of the Vauxhall motor carriage?

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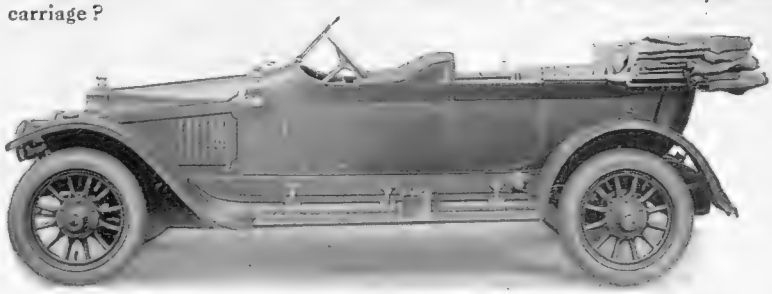
16-20 h.p. (4-cyl. 90 x 120), w.b. 9ft. 9in. ... **£395**
25 h.p. (4-cyl. 95 x 140), w.b. 10ft. 10in. ... **£465**
35 h.p. (6-cyl. 90 x 120), w.b. 11ft. 5in. ... **£625**
25 h.p. "Prince Henry," w.b. 9ft. 9in. ... **£495**

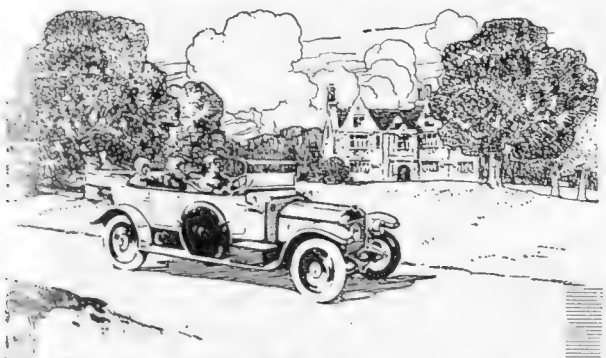
Catalogue 21B, and special booklet, "The Sporting Car" (describing the Vauxhall-Prince Henry) sent on application.



Vauxhall-Newmarket torpedo-de-luxe on 25 h.p. chassis **£465.** Body **£120**

VAUXHALL MOTORS, LIMITED, 180-182, GT. PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.

—RAWLENCE & WATSON, 40, Sackville Street, W., sole London agents for "Prince Henry" Vauxhall cars.—



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"The car that has set the fashion to the motoring world."

The distinctive features and constant reliability of Austin Cars make them ideal for the holiday tour. They are good for any road, and afford luxurious travel at a time when it is most desirable.

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Four-cyl. 10 h.p. .. **£260** Four-cyl. 15 h.p. .. **£340**
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Also at PARIS, MANCHESTER and NORWICH.

"Palmer Tyres obviously stand in a class by themselves." (*Daily Mail*, 13th May, 1913.)

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CORD TYRES

fitted to your car will give you greater speed, comfort and safety, together with a reduced petrol consumption.

May we send you the Palmer Cord Tyre Book in which you will find proof of the above?

Will you write for it to-day?

THE PALMER TYRE LTD.,
119, 121, 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

From the Tyre Makers

All about the Grand Prix held on the 12th inst. over the Circuit de Picardie, the list of starters, how to see them start, best ways of getting there, together with a brief history of the event, is published in tabloid, handy folder form by the Dunlop Rubber Company, Aston Cross, Birmingham, from whom it may be obtained free. This is timely and welcome enterprise.—Eight of the eleven competitors in the Spanish Grand Prix who alone finished the terribly trying course of 193 miles over the Guadarrama country relied upon Continental tyres, and were not disappointed. That makes yet another large tribute to the virtues of this tyre of international repute.—The Avon India Rubber Company has also reduced the prices of its famous tyres, but not the quality. It remarks: "The fluctuations in the prices of motor tyres do not affect the quality of standard makes any more than variations in the money market affect the quantity or quality of gold in the sovereign mintage." The analogy is well made and properly pressed.

NEAR "THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS"

An Argyll Single Sleeve Valve Car at Auchendennan, Loch Lomondside. The well-known golfers, Ray and Duncan, are in the car, the former beside the driver and the latter immediately behind him

—The Victor Tyre Company make three important points (1) that all Victor tyres, large and small, are limousine type, specially constructed as such and practically unburstable; (2) that this specially strong construction plus the 100 per cent. quality of the material used, enabled the Victor to win the Tyre Trial; (3) that on limousine prices Victor tyres are still cheaper than most. The company might have made the further point, that first cost in tyres is not the most important matter. It is cost per mile that counts. On that test the Victor tyre is happily placed, anyway. — Palmer tyres received eulogies from Mr. M. E. Fox, who successfully drove the new Arrol-Johnston Edison electric car from Dumfries to London on the first trip of the kind ever undertaken by an electrically propelled road vehicle. By actual test, he says, Palmer tyres showed a distinct saving in current and their durability was very satisfactory. Which is yet another addition to the great volume of evidence that has established Palmers in a proud place among the world's greatest tyre makers.

DELAHAYE—"The Car of Economical Upkeep." 12-16 h.p. Limousines and Landaulettes from £450 complete. Entire maintenance, including chauffeur, insurance, etc., undertaken for £175 per annum.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 9, Grafton St., Bond St., W.

The KLAXON Co., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the KLAXON-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15s. 0d., or complete with dry battery, £4 4s. 0d.

MR. GORDON HAYTER, describing an 18-h.p. R.S. in *The Car* of June 18, says: "An engine full of life, a clutch without a single vice, a steering gear working with the sensitiveness of a delicate instrument."

R.S. Rochet Schneider Car

THE EPITOME OF ELEGANCE EFFICIENCY & ECONOMY

Catalogue free on application.

Showrooms: 124, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.
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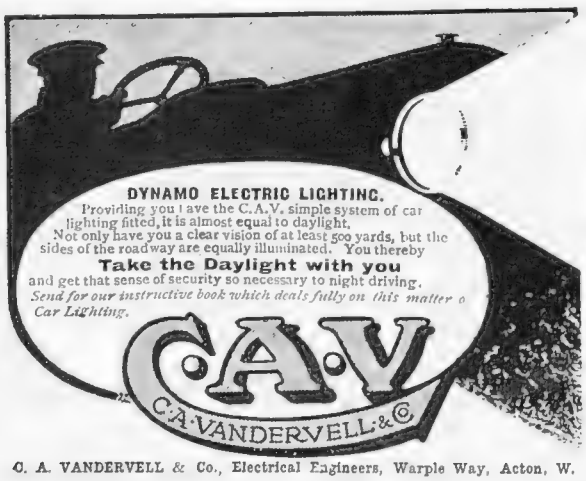

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Providing you have the C.A.V. simple system of car lighting fitted, it is almost equal to daylight. Not only have you a clear vision of at least 500 yards, but the sides of the roadway are equally illuminated. You thereby
Take the Daylight with you
and get that sense of security so necessary to night driving.
Send for our instructive book which deals fully on this matter of Car Lighting.

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Coupé Cabriolet

(Registered Design.)

The attractive little Coupé Cabriolet pictured below has seating capacity for *four* people and is specially adapted to the use of owner drivers. Although shown on a comparatively small chassis, the same type of body can be adapted to higher powered cars as required.

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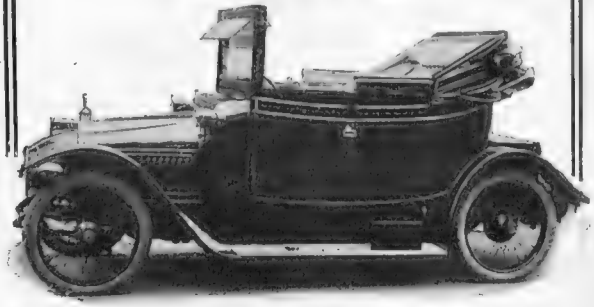

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The "Savile" is a perfect example of what an Evening Coat should be; it is quite the most stylish town coat (as well as the best value) obtainable. Modelled on faultless lines, yet easy and comfortable, tailored perfectly throughout, the "Savile," in soft black Scotch Cheviots or dark grey West of England Cloths—lined silk throughout and silk faced, is a most exceptional five-guineas'-worth. Call, if you possibly can, and see the "Savile" and our other coats. If you cannot, send for patterns. To measure or ready to wear

£5 : 5 : 0

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The best tailored ready-to-wear Raglan in London .. from £3 : 3 : 0
Lounge Suits .. ,, £3 : 3 : 0
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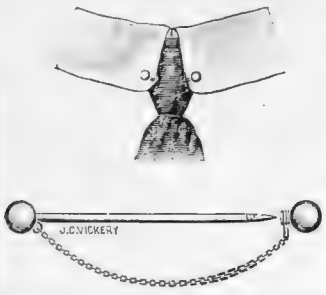
VICKERY'S SOFT COLLAR AND TIE HOLDER.



Holds the Tie & Collar in the Correct Position

VICKERY'S REGISTERED DESIGN

Very easily fixed.

Smart in appearance.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Plain Gold **12/6** Without Chain **8/6**
Gold. Set Gems **21/6** Set Diamonds **25/-**
With Fine Whole Pearl ends
£4, £5. 5 . 0, £6 . 15 . 0
Platinum 42/- set Diamonds £7 . 5 . 0

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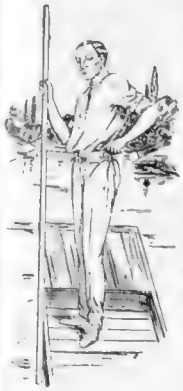
179/183, REGENT STREET, W.

WEAR A GILLETT AND NOTE THE DIFFERENCE

THE ordinary belt is invariably either too tight or too loose for comfort or appearance. If too tight, strain detrimental to the abdomen follows. If too loose, constant hitching of the trousers causes annoyance.

Gillett Half-Belt



(around back only) moulds the trousers to the waist line, prevents the shirt rucking, ensures a sense of security and freedom, with a difference quickly shown.

EASY TO PUT ON.
FITS ANY WAIST.
SMART IN APPEARANCE
REASONABLE IN PRICE.

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In special silk webbing or leather, 2/- post free.

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SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL PACKETS AND TINS AND MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ALL STORES AND TOBACCONISTS OF REPUTE.

PLAYERS NAVY CUT

RACING: Some Turf Personalities. BY CARBINE

The Sport Going Strong

I am advised that as this is the Holiday Number of THE BYSTANDER my gossip this week should be rather less topical than I endeavour to make it in the ordinary way. And so with the risk of missing a "good thing," such as Santair was at Newmarket last week I propose to refrain from tipping, and merely chat about the personal side of our exhilarating pastime. There is no doubt that interest in racing is keener than ever it was, and racecourse managers will tell you that the crowds have never been so large as has recently been the case. Perhaps this is largely due to the settled weather we have mostly enjoyed so far, but look where we will in racing we find the sport going extremely strong. We should all like to see the King with a few high-class horses, for the lot at Egerton House at present appear to be very moderate, but I suppose the luck will turn in this direction before long. Meanwhile, His Majesty gets away to the races whenever he conveniently can, and obviously enjoys his weeks at the Newmarket meetings, even though the Royal colours seldom manage to get in front there nowadays.

Out of Luck

The King is not the only prominent owner who is experiencing the unlucky side of racing just now. The Duke of Portland must be wondering what he has done to deserve such a persistent run of ill-fortune on the Turf. Time was when the Portland colours were well-nigh all-conquering, but times are changed, and at the recent Ascot meeting nothing was good enough among the Duke's twenty-one horses in training worthy of being brought out. It must be many years since the Duke of Portland was without a runner at Ascot. One result of this want of success has been a persistent rumour in racing circles to the effect that the Kingsclere stable will soon be broken up. I have authority for stating that the threatened dissolution will not take place, though I shall not be surprised to see one or two important changes made there before next year.

Aldford and His Owner

The Duke of Westminster shared for some time in the Duke of Portland's want of success, but he now has the satisfaction of owning one of the smartest two-year-olds of the season in Aldford, who has not yet been beaten. This colt is in the Derby, and if he wins that prize we may expect to see his owner's interest in racing kindled. At present he is by no means wildly enthusiastic, thereby differing widely from his grandfather, the owner and breeder of Bend Or, Ormonde, Flying Fox, and other great horses. At present the Duke of Westminster prefers polo to racing, and it was noticeable last week that he took part in a small game at Ranelagh instead of making the journey to Newmarket to see Aldford put up a really good performance.

GANT

41, New Bond Street, London, W.

A Firm of Repute. Established 22 Years.

The Waistcoat Pocket Red Morocco "Found-at-once"
DIARY for 1913
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FULL MULTIPLIED ODDS for double events.

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Summer Lunches.

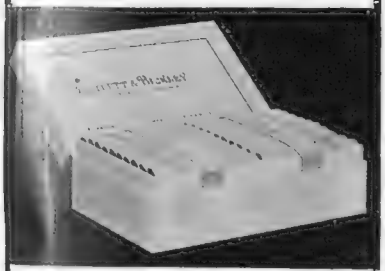
MOST teetotal drinks are insipid; wine is too heating; even lager is too heavy for a summer lunch. "C&C" Ginger Ale, the aristocrat of mineral waters, is the ideal drink.

It has all the life, all the sparkle of Champagne, without the fire. Moreover, it has a charm of flavour and a delicate crispness which make it as much liked by men as by ladies and children. Ask for it **by name**—to make sure of the best. Say "C & C" when you order it—and order it by the dozen.

"C & C"
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

Made by Cantrell & Cochrane, Ltd.
Works: Dublin & Belfast. Established 1852
Depots: London, Liverpool, & Glasgow.

"Imperial Service" Cigarettes



THE MOST FASTIDIOUS SMOKER will find these Cigarettes of an exquisite flavour and richness; mild, but of perfect aroma. They are made and cut entirely by hand from a carefully selected blend of the finest Turkish Tobaccos.

No. 17.—In boxes of 100 50 25
5/- 2/6 1/3

A Trial Box will convince you. Sent Post Paid.

BARTLETT & BICKLEY,
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Telegrams: "Doncella, London." 'Phone: 4790 Mayfair.

Sanderson's

"Second to None"
"Red Ticket"
"Mountain Dew"

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Ghent

April 26—Nov. 15, 1913.

Come to Ghent this summer—visit the Universal and International Exhibition. See the famous city of flowers and historical monuments. Twenty-five Nations will be represented. Palace of Horticulture, Modern Village, Retrospective Exhibition of Railways, Congo Panorama and Museum, Palace of Fine Arts; a quarter of "Old Flanders"; Fields for Sport; International Regattas, Festivals, &c.

One hour from Ostend, Antwerp or Brussels. Send a stamp to Reginald Harris, 132-134, Fleet St., London, E.C., for interesting free booklet.

The Advantages of
No. 1. SHAVING CREAM.
It makes SHAVING a PLEASURE. It leaves the skin soft and smooth, and free from Irritation. In Bowls of Artistic **Doulton** Ware, which can be used as **Ash Trays** when empty.

Price *1s. 6d.* and *2s. 6d.* each, post free, for P.O., or stamps, from
OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN, 19, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Hinde's
Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.
Hair Wavers.

Trial Bottle. 6d.
SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDS LTD., Finsbury, London.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL.

YOUR FIGURE

SLENDER SYMMETRICAL SUPPLE

No drugs, medicinal mixtures, dieting, bandages, or exercises.

A PRETTY CHIN

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corset at the back, adding years to your age?—or **that vulgar thickness of flesh on the upper arm?** All these can be removed without any trouble to yourself. Elvira, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., who has made a wonderful discovery, guarantees to remove all superfluous flesh by her simple and harmless method. She undertakes to banish a double chin in a fortnight. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes can all be dispelled by her system. Elvira pledges to carry out all that this advertisement foretells. Medically approved. Dozens of testimonials prove the efficacy of this treatment.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE

Madame ELVIRA, *SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY & FIGURE CULTURE*

Telephone: 6017 Victoria. **4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.**

"Barri" Maternity Gowns

Royal Letters Patent.
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting.

Many designs for Day or Evening wear.

Prices from **6** *Gns.*

Beautiful Model, produced in a deep laurel green dull satin. The cape effect is of soft satin, finished with Kiltings of tulle.

Price **10** Gns.

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Barri,
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MATERNITY CORSETS & LAYETTES A SPECIALITY.

MOVEMENT
ATMOSPHERE
DISTANCE
FORM IN RELIEF
COLOUR

—these elements, seen and perceived in natural objects, are conveyed with wonderful truth in the pictures taken by this camera. Verascope Pictures charm all who see them, as they are really true to Nature.

The VERASCOPE

Stereoscopic Camera

Verascope Pictures recall scenes long past, and perhaps never to be repeated, with all their vividness and animation. The reproductive art of the Stereoscopic Verascope Camera is astonishing and gratifying—it is the highest art of the camera, therefore the most enjoyable.

More people use the Verascope every year. It is a camera of which anyone may be proud. It is beautifully made and finished in metal throughout. The definition is excellent.

In size it is no larger than a pair of field glasses, and when loaded with 12 plates weighs less than 3 lbs. It is so simple that a child can obtain splendid results.

Get a Verascope this summer, and *you* will obtain pictures that will be a joy for ever—pictures of which you will be proud.

Prices from £7 . 10 . 0 upwards

Write for our CATALOGUE No. 3, or call and see the Verascope and its wonderful work at our Showrooms—

JULES RICHARD *Verascope House,* **27 New Bond St. London, W**

A MUSLIN FROCK

showing the new "Vandyke" cut of the tunic and soft-falling throat frill and sleeve ruffles

Fashion's Fancies for the Holidays

By MRS. JACK MAY

IT is no trouble to conform to the editorial edict and discuss holiday clothes. The subject is very near and dear to my heart just now, after a very surfeit of smart attire. The subject, moreover, is an elastic one, since people's ideas of what constitutes the ideal holiday differ profoundly. We all know the simple life at some smart foreign seaside resort, or "cure," where dress is every whit as extravagant in its way as that worn during the London Season. But there are, happily, many holiday spots still left—the majority, by the way, abroad—where a happy mean can be struck between the rigid shirt and skirt idea and the ultra extravagant.

The Vogue for White Crépon

Never within recollection have white dresses been more seductively devised or more successfully worn. The choice of materials is unlimited, the lawns and cambrics and linens and *éponge*, vying for first place with *crépons* and cotton whipcords, etc. Coats and skirts of white *éponge* will be extensively worn, this stuff tailoring quite satisfactorily; while cotton *crépon* fashions the most adorable frocks, the most successful and, of course, covetable, resting their success on adept handling.

Dainty Mousseline Dresses

Nor must there be overlooked, for more dressy events, the dainty *mousseline* dresses, flounced from waist to hem. For exclusiveness and originality these flounced frocks have so far no rivals. The only trouble is to find wearers with the courage to essay them. Although kept as slim as possible, the fact that they are flounces suffices to suggest fussiness. And for wear with these gowns the milliners are devising the prettiest shady hats, of *mousseline* or *mousseline* and straw, trimmed flowers and frequently velvet or ribbon streamers.

Real Italian Lace

A rare opportunity to buy *lingerie* frocks, both of extravagant and simple order, is just now open to

COSTUME OF HAND-EMBROIDERED NET

With a tunic falling longer in front than at the back, and a skirt with a threaded "fraise" ribbon, and underneath a flounce of real Italian lace

(SKETCHES AT THE LONDON CORSET COMPANY BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

everyone at the London Corset Company, 11, Hanover Street, where the customary summer clearance sale is proceeding. It would be impossible to conceive anything more truly charming than the example illustrated of hand-embroidered white net, arranged with a tunic that falls considerably longer in front than the back, and a skirt that is given a slightly clipped-in appearance by a threaded *fraise* ribbon, beneath which falls a flounce of real Italian lace.

Corsets

Another attraction at this much-favoured *atelier* during July are the reductions placed on the corsets. The price at sale rates ranges from 9s. 11d. to 8 guineas. But—to let my BYSTANDER readers into a secret—no really reasonable offer for corsets is going to be refused; because, with the reputation they have to keep up, the London Corset Company have, at any cost, to clear off their surplus stock, to make room for the next season's goods.

The New Vandyke Trimming

And they are offering, among other things, an ideal hot-weather corset of *broderie Anglaise*, which combines perfect freedom with all the necessary support, and is so constructed that it can be sent to the laundry with the utmost confidence. Usually the price is 42s., but during July it can be procured for 32s. 6d.

A Sale of Sales!

There are just four days left of Harrods' sale, and on the day of the issue of this paper, July 9th, special return fares will be issued on the L. & S.W.R., touching all the Bournemouth and Southampton districts. And on Thursday, the 10th, the G.W.R. will run excursion trains from such far-distant places as Clevedon and Weston-super-Mare.

Of the sale itself, there is only one word to be said. It stands unique. From end to end the entire establishment is marked by the ban of the blue pencil; and, with only six days to clear off every scrap of existing stock, it stands to reason the reductions must necessarily be severe.

A Topical Question

A great deal of controversy has been raging of late over the vexed question "Should women 'make-up?'" and the concensus of opinion has assuredly gone to the proving that, far from hiding imperfections of the skin, a continued use of cosmetics is decidedly injurious. The ravages of time are far too severe and deep-seated to be dispelled by the transitory use of rouge and powder; it is necessary to dive infinitely deeper into the cause of relaxed tissues, wrinkles, and the enlarged pores that so frequently mar the complexion of women past their first youth, and to seek some permanent remedy to rectify the workings of time.

A Good Skin Food

Such a remedy, thanks to supreme knowledge and a life-long study of the interesting subject, is provided by the Cyclax Company, whose treatment has never yet failed to achieve complete success. The various preparations are one and all designed to meet some special case, and when persevered in failure is

Galégine de Nubie

HARDENS and develops the bust, at the same time filling out hollows in the shoulders. Galégine de Nubie has been approved by eminent French medical men and can therefore be taken with perfect safety. Equally suitable for Matron or Maid. No change of diet is necessary, nor can this preparation cause obesity.

Prepared in cachets for easy swallowing.

The complete treatment, with a very interesting booklet, is sent privately packed on receipt of P.O. for 5/-, by **Roberts & Co., 76, New Bond St.; Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Maison Robert, Wilcox and Jozeau, Heppell's, or Laboratoire Médical, 16, Rue Clairaut, Paris; and at 61, New Oxford St., London.**

The Booklet can be obtained post free from the last-mentioned address.

Bardier Brilliants

The Latest Production in REAL GEM JEWELLERY.

Not Diamonds. Not Imitation.

NATURAL STONES BEAUTIFULLY MOUNTED AT LOW PRICES.

Illustrated Brochure from

PAUL BARDIER,

93b, Regent Street, London, W.

Chas. FRODSHAM & Co. Ltd.

(Watchmakers by Appt. to H.M. the KING)

115, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

ENGLISH WRISTLET WATCHES.

An 18-carat Gold Keyless English Lever Watch with pigskin (or any leather) wristlet and gold buckle .. Price £12 12 0
In 9-carat Gold .. .. ,, £9 9 0
An 18-carat Gold Watch with 18-carat gold flexible expansion bracelet (both watch and bracelet of English make) .. .. Price £21 0 0
A similar 18-carat Gold Watch with 15-carat gold flexible expansion bracelet (English throughout) .. Price £18 18 0

Gold Swiss Watches with leather wristlet straps .. from £5 10 0
Gold Swiss Watches with gold flexible expansion bracelets ,, £8 8 0
Bracelet Watches set with diamonds, pearls, etc., always in stock.

FRODSHAM SPEEDOMETERS
AT 17, DERING ST., NEW BOND ST., W.

A "DRYAD" TEA WAGGON is a useful addition to the country house, carrying everything for tea at one journey. Being fitted with four swivelled wheels, it can easily be turned in its own space. Made in various designs and sizes—see the Dryad Cane Book, post free from Y dept., Dryad Works, Leicester.

SWIFT.

SURE.

It is the minute attention to detail that makes cleaning in the "Achille Serre Way" so superior.

Visitors who have been over our works are astonished at the various processes we use in the course of cleaning and "refinishing" articles sent to us. Although we have the most elaborate machinery for "dry-cleaning" we are not content with that treatment. It is only a preliminary. After leaving the machine the goods pass through the hands of many skilled workers. In one department spots and stains are removed; in another the trimmings undergo a special treatment. Much skill and labour is expended on pressing and finishing and so on.

And we do all this in Four Days at very reasonable charges. Prices and address of Branch or Agent near you are included in our new Booklet "When the Sun Shines." Sent free on request.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Hackney Wick, London, E.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

63

COPIES OF OLD ENGLISH CHINTZES.

THE EXOTIC BIRD CHINTZ, 1/11 per yard.

Mr. Phillips has a large collection of reproductions of Old English Chintzes reproduced from genuine old specimens in his possession. The patterns copied are quite original and unlike the stock designs of drapers and upholsterers. Samples on application.

PHILLIPS, THE MANOR HOUSE, HITCHIN.

positively unheard of, a fact that should send all women to the *salons* at South Molton Street, where courteous attention and advice will be accorded every client. Any one of the remedies can be applied at home, and the effect is perfectly marvellous, the looking glass reflecting day by day the greatly improved appearance brought about by a clear healthy skin and improved contours.

Although, of course, the Cyclax Skin Food is an invaluable asset to any woman's toilet addenda, at the moment very special interest centres upon Cyclax Sunburn Lotion, this being a particularly nice soothing wash, not only delightfully refreshing to use, but wonderfully efficacious in preventing unsightly flushings consequent upon exposure to a too powerful sun. Cyclax Complexion Milk, again, is another ideal preparation for hot weather use, being founded, to some extent, upon a celebrated Eastern remedy, which serves to render the skin smooth and soft.

For Home Treatment

A most interesting little brochure, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," telling of the various virtues of the Cyclax Preparations, will prove most helpful to all those who are compelled to work out the treatment at home, while women desirous of benefiting by the services of the large staff of experienced assistants specially trained by Mrs. Hemming, the celebrated specialist and originator of the Cyclax Preparations, should write and make an early appointment in order to avoid unnecessary delay.

COMFORT GUARANTEED
The "Bedford" arm-chair, supplied by Messrs. John Barker, of Kensington, as illustrated above, covered in tapestry or cretonne

Renowned Upholstery

In these days of scamped, cheap work it is good to dwell upon the really sound upholstery goods turned out by John Barker, of Kensington. A very Mecca to the house-proud woman is this section of the big emporium, which stands distinct and apart from the so-called soft goods. The personally conducted factory responsible for the output of these household goods is instrumental in saving all middle profits, while the eye of the controlling power guarantees that only the best and purest materials with the highest grade of labour is used in the process of manufacture.

Nowhere has attention been more seriously concentrated on the construction of chairs that are easy in fact as well as name, while the prices attached almost touch the incredible. There is the "Bedford," for example, the subject of our illustration, that, covered in tapestry or cretonne, is only 42*s*., a chair that is perfection for boudoirs, a small cosy drawing-room, or well-equipped bedroom.

SHOOLBRED'S
CORSET SPECIALITIES.

Made in White Coutille.
All sizes.
5/9

THE CORSET OF THE MOMENT
Unsurpassed for ease and elegance. As will be noticed, it fits well down over the hips, and is made with a very short elastic bust. For sporting purposes, and for Evening wear, it will be found an ideal Corset.
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

First aid to Sunburnt Skin

EXPOSURE to sea and sun calls for the use of Rowland's "KALYDOR." It cools and refreshes the irritated, smarting skin and renders it soft, white and smooth.

Rowland's "KALYDOR"

The consistent use of this famous preparation is a sure means of preventing sunburn, freckles and redness.

Prices 2/3, 4/6 and 8/6 per bottle. Of Stores and Chemists and

ROWLAND'S
67, Hatton Garden
LONDON, E.C.

THE BEST GIFT IS A PICTURE.
Pictures stand without a rival in their fitness for beautifying the home, for Gifts, for Birthday Presents, for Wedding Presents, and for Presents generally. We always have a very large and varied stock of carefully selected pictures, all of which are artistically framed.
Write for our New Catalogue.
"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, W.C.

The Lady with the Double Chin,

who may be said to be almost ubiquitous, so frequently do we meet her in Society, may now take heart of grace. There is absolutely no reason why that double chin should any longer remain to spoil the contour of what might otherwise be a perfect face.

Mrs. HEMMING, the discoverer of the world-renowned **"Cyclax" Toilet Preparations,** has brought out a speciality called **"Cyclax" Throat Lotion,** which acts in some subtle way upon the muscles and subcutaneous tissues, stimulating them and bracing them in such a manner that the double chin is quickly reduced. It also restores to a firm condition skin which is loose and sagging. That excellent device, **"Cyclax" Chin Strap,** if worn at night, will greatly aid the rapid restoration of the contour of the face.

Those who are able to visit London can take advantage of Mrs. Hemming's unique course of treatment for the elimination of a double chin. The lady experts who carry out this treatment at 58, South Molton Street, W., have all been trained by Mrs. Hemming, and when not away on Royal Commands she personally supervises every case. Ladies living in the country can correspond direct with Mrs. Hemming and obtain her advice, free of charge, on all matters connected with the Toilet.

"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION, 7/6, post free.

"CYCLAX" CHIN STRAP, 6/6, post free.

Write for Mrs. Hemming's valuable book containing unique suggestions on Hygiene, Figure and Skin to

THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY,
58, South Molton St., London, W.

T. J. HARRIES & CO. LTD
OXFORD STREET, W.

A New Velour Beaver Hat.

No. 282BS.—Smart **Shape,** in Fine Quality Velour Beaver, after the small Breton Sailor type, in Black, White, Navy, Saxe, Violet.

Sale Price, 12/11

T. J. HARRIES & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W.

"ATLAS" SHIRTS

Guaranteed Unshrinkable—Replaced should they shrink

"Atlas" Shirts are eminently suited to the needs of the Out-of-door man. They are comfortably yet very smartly cut, with double or plain sleeves as preferred. The range of "Atlas" colourings and patterns is unique, and "Atlas" Shirts, due to the high quality of the material, wear exceptionally well.

"ATLAS" SHIRTS - 3/6 to 21/-
"ATLAS" PYJAMAS 6/6 to 45/-

In all weights, for all weathers.

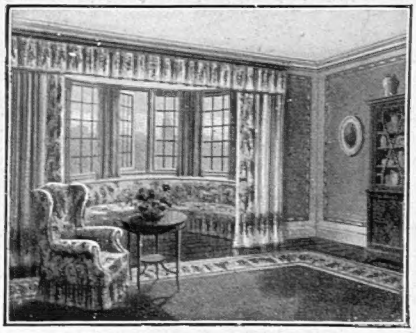
Sole Manufacturers:
R. R. BUCK & SON
Atlas Works, Carlisle.
12 Gresham Street,
London, E.C.
Established 1852

ASK YOUR HOSIER FOR "ATLAS"

The Home Beautiful

The 1913 Edition of this interesting book, published by Williamson & Cole, Ltd., is the most up-to-date Guide on Furnishing. Post free upon application.

Curtain & Loose Cover Specialists.



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"Sunpruf" UNFADABLE FABRICS
"The Fabrics of To-Day."

SPECIAL GUARANTEE: All "Sunpruf" Fabrics are absolutely unfadable to sun, sea air and washing, and Williamson & Cole, Ltd. will replace any "Sunpruf" material that fails to meet this guarantee.

Cretonnes, Chintzes and Taffetas in unique designs and colourings to suit all decorations at lowest quotations

Patterns post free upon application.

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

The Menu: VARIOUS WAYS OF TREATING CRABS AND LOBSTERS

Crab Salad.
Devilled Crab.
Lobster *à la Créole.*
Lobster Cutlets.
Mayonnaise of Lobster.

Crab Salad

Take the meat of two or three small crabs, cut it into small pieces, put it in a basin and mix with about one-third its quantity of shredded endive; season with salt, pepper, two tablespoonsful of Lucca oil, three tablespoonsful of best vinegar, and a dessert-spoonful of finely-chopped parsley. Serve on little plates on lettuce leaves, decorate with slices of hard-boiled egg, capers, and stoned olives; stuff the latter with anchovy butter. Cold salmon may be treated in the same way: in this case include some sliced cucumber in the garnish and mixture.

Devilled Crab

Remove the meat from the shells and claws, clean the shells and butter the inside portion. Shred the meat as fine as possible, mix it with a tablespoonful of cream, a tablespoonful of Tartar sauce, one tablespoonful of bread-crumbs, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg rubbed through a sieve, and 1 oz. of melted butter. Season with salt, pepper, lemon juice, and a good pinch of cayenne. When all is thoroughly mixed, put it back into the shell, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and a few bits of butter, and brown in a very hot oven.

Lobster à la Créole

Split lengthways a large lobster, crack the claws and remove all the meat; cut it into small dice-shaped pieces. Pick, wash, and blanch in slightly-salted water about 2 oz. of best rice, cook it till tender, and drain. Chop finely half a small peeled onion and half a green chilli. Melt in a sauté pan an ounce of butter and fry or toss in it the above for a few minutes, without browning. Then sprinkle in about one large tablespoonful of flour, and stir for a few minutes longer, and season to taste with salt and paprika. Add half-a-pint of well-reduced tomato *purée*, and stir until boiling. Let all simmer for ten minutes, then add the cooked rice and the lobster meat, and re-heat. Serve hot in a casserole.

Lobster Cutlets

Remove all the flesh from a hen lobster, and cut it up into small pieces. Take the coral from the lobster, dry it, and pound it in the mortar with 1 oz. of butter; then pass it through a hair sieve. Put 1 oz. of flour and 1 ½ oz. of butter into a stewpan and mix them well over the fire; add 1 gill of water, and boil well. Then put in the coral butter, one tablespoonful of cream, a little salt and cayenne. Mix well; then add the lobster, and turn all out on a plate to cool; shape into cutlets, egg-and-breadcrumb each, and fry in a saucepan of boiling fat. Dish the cutlets in a circle and garnish with fried parsley. A small piece of claw should be stuck into the end of each cutlet, to resemble a bone.

Mayonnaise of Lobster

Place a bed of lettuce in an *entrée* dish, and on it the meat of the lobster. Cover with Mayonnaise sauce. Then arrange a border of sliced tomato, hard-boiled egg, and shred lettuce round, and decorate the centre of the Mayonnaise with sieved yolk of egg. EMILIA.

By Special Appointment to H.M. the King

FRANK
COOPER'S
"OXFORD"
MARMALADE

Extract from letter: The Gate House, COVENTRY. May 16th, 1913.

"I have long been troubled with biliousness and unable to take with my breakfast one item of the menu of which I am particularly fond, namely, marmalade.

"My wife ordered some of your 'OXFORD,' and I at once found it quite different from any other . . . . . as its tonic and digestive properties are, I am convinced by actual experience, very beneficial to me."

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY "OXFORD."

SAMPLE JAR FREE on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage. Frank Cooper, Oxford.
KINDLY MENTION NAME OF YOUR GROCER.

"Simple yet distinctive Models."

SANDS'
ROBES.

A variety of READY-TO-WEAR Robes in all materials, from the simple morning gown to one suitable for smart afternoon functions, are now being offered by Messrs. Sands at prices ranging from £1 1s. to £4 4s.

Each model bears the distinctive note of fashion, always associated with this famous Sloane Street Establishment.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.
Great Reductions in all Departments.
JUNE 30—AUG. 5.

R. SANDS & Co.,
187a, 188a, 189a,
Sloane Street,
LONDON, S.W.

L'AUBERGE DU CLOS, NORMAND,
MARTIN-ÉGLISE.
(Four Miles from Dieppe)
A LOVELY RETREAT WITHIN EASY REACH OF ALL THE GAIETIES OF DIEPPE.

Splendid Trout Fishing Free.

PENSION—9, 10, and 12 francs per day.

ZOTOS
Absolutely prevents
Sea-Sickness & Train-Sickness
Of all Chemists.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK IN HOT WEATHER

A glass of Horlick's Malted Milk contains all the unrivalled nutritive qualities of pure full-cream milk and the choicest malted barley and wheat, and the delicious natural flavour makes it a most welcome food-beverage at all times.

At Breakfast, Lunch, and Tea-time, Horlick's is a delicious addition to the Menu, and gives necessary nourishment in a light and palatable form.

As a beverage before retiring, Horlick's, taken hot, will induce restful sleep, and correct Insomnia.

A GLASS OF "HORLICK'S" WITH A DASH OF SODA IS THE IDEAL DRINK FOR SUMMER SPORTS,

Motorists, and for Boating or Picnic Parties, &c.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH HOT OR COLD WATER ONLY. NO ADDED MILK OR COOKING REQUIRED. SERVED in HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS, and CLUB HOUSES.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK LUNCH TABLETS.
A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth.

Of all Chemists & Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at **1/6, 2/6, &11/-**
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Insist on FREEZOMINT

and secure the original

CRÊME DE MENTHE CUSENIER

imported direct from France

The Temptation of Saint Anthony!

Matchless for the Complexion

Pears

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The Temptation of Saint Anthony!

The Editor's Box

An Alphabet Book

The Wright's Coal Tar Soap Alphabet Book is one which every small child should possess. There are, I suppose, some thousands of alphabet books published every year, but few are so good as this one. An additional attraction is that it can be obtained free on sending a halfpenny stamp for postage to "Alphabet," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, S.E.

A New Enamel Paint

Everyone knows Aspinall's Enamel is the best enamel paint for little touching-up jobs about the house, and the neat Union Jack tin in which it is packed is a familiar sight on the shelves and counters of any good class ironmonger's or oil and colour merchant's shop, but it is not so commonly known that the makers of Aspinall's Enamel supply a first-class enamel paint for decorators' use called Sanalene. This is deservedly becoming very popular with those firms who like to give their customers good value for money, although as it lasts for years and looks well to the end, it ensures their reputation for sound workmanship rather than benefits their pockets. People who have their houses done with Sanalene find that house-painting is no longer an annual or even biennial infliction. You can wash down the paint work just as if it were glazed tiling. One other Aspinall point. In their bath enamel you really "have the goods," as they say in America. We only know one better thing, and that is to have a porcelain bath.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Karno

Of music-hall fame, in the "drawing-room" of their beautifully appointed house-boat off Tagg's Island, Hampton Court

For Royal Convalescence

I am asked to say that Messrs. J. Foot and Sons, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, W., received instructions from the physicians attending on H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught to supply one of their Patent Adjustable Rest Chairs for the use of Her Royal Highness during convalescence.

A New Quarterly

The majority of our readers have doubtless by this time made the acquaintance of *The Man of To-Day*, a new quarterly journal dealing authoritatively with the subject of men's dress. The editor is Mr. H. Dennis Bradley, principal of the well-known firm of Pope and Bradley, 14, Old Bond Street, W., and this first issue of *The Man of To-Day* is full of good things on the subject of masculine apparel, and is a credit to editor, contributors, and publishers alike. The articles include contributions from Mr. Geo. R. Sims, Mr. Geo. Edgar, Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Geo. Alexander, Mr. Frederick Ross, etc., and an attractive coloured plate, "A Note in Harmony," goes with the number.

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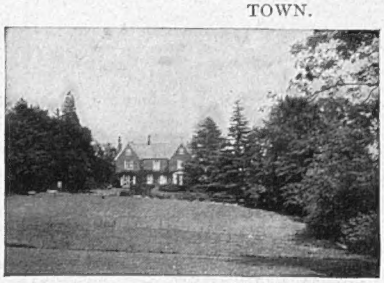

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